The Centre Reporter.

VOL, { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVII. CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1884. NO. 43.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

The result of the election shows there was a great deal of scratching and trading.

It looks as though the Republicans only professed to be for Curtin in order to steal a march on the Democrats, as they voted pretty solidly for Patton, which we now have no doubt they would have done even if Hall had not withdrawn.

We regret the defeat of Judge Hoy—some feel sorry for this when it is too late.

The loss of two assemblymen from this county as now reported is a bad thing for the Democracy which we trust will not prove correct and that wisdom may be learned from such a defeat.

This is business on the first floor. Rumors have reached Denver of the lynching by vigilants of a gang of seventeen cattle thieves, who were captured while in camp on Rock Creek, in the Gorge Range Mountains, about thirty miles west of Georgetown. No particulars at present are obtainable. The report is thought to be exaggerated.

In this whole Congressional district, comprising six districts, the only newspapers supporting Curtin are the *Centre Democrat*, (Curtin's own paper,) Centre Hall *Reporter* and Lewistown *Feee Press*. The Bellefonte *Watchman*, Lock Haven *Democrat*, Renovo *Record*, and the Clearfield papers, which were strong for Mr. Curtin before the nomination, cannot support him now. They and all the other Democratic papers of the district are for Hall.—Lewistown *Sentinel*.

Well, the sequel shows that the Centre Hall *Reporter*, *Centre Democrat*, and Lewistown *Free Press* were right.

The daily production of the petroleum field was increased 10,052 barrels during the month of October. This increase of over six thousand barrels, as compared with the September report, was caused by the bringing in of half a dozen monster wells in Butler county. The surprise, which thoroughly knocked out the trade, was the bringing in of the Armstrong well, the greatest on earth. The first day's production was about 9,000 barrels. Sunday the well was still gushing 5,000 barrels per day. Of the ten wells completed in Butler, three were dry. The production of the butler wells, old and new, is about 10,500 barrels per day. The amount of new work under way is the smallest that has been recorded in nine years. In the entire region only 91 new wells are drilling. The oldest sections of the field are entirely neglected, and all interest are centered on about forty acres in Butler county. In that district alone 42 wells are drilling.

It is probable that the shutting off of the trains of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. by the Pennsylvania road between Baltimore and New York, on and after 9th, will lead to a war of rates westward between the two companies. The passenger agents of the Baltimore and Ohio say that, with the end of the old arrangement between the two roads, the Baltimore and Ohio will inaugurate a new schedule, which as an indication of the future policy of the latter company, will suggest a lively and most aggressive contest. They will start in direct competition with the Pennsylvania Railroad, limited express trains, with sleeper and parlor cars, making equally fast time to all points west, and notably to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, for which no extra charge will be made. They say they are in for the war and to stay.

The committee on lunacy of the state board of charities has discovered another case of improper treatment of an insane person. This time the victim is a farmer, about 50 years old, who lived with his family near the dividing line between Dauphin and Lancaster counties. About six months ago the farmer's mind became deranged. He was permitted to wander about as he pleased for a while, but before long his insanity assumed a violent turn, and the lives of his wife and children were endangered by his ravings. Unfortunately they lived so near the county line that the authorities of neither county would take charge of the case and the family was too poor to see that the father was properly cared for. The man was found in a dirty room that contained nothing but a chair and a small bedstead. He was fastened to the floor by means of a chain not more than 20 inches long that was attached to his leg. The chain had cut into his flesh and made it very sore. The people were very poor and were doing the best they could for the man under the circumstances. Arrangements were at once made to have him removed to the state hospital for the insane, and he was taken to that institution.

——The election is over and just as expected, the fellows that have the most votes are elected while the rest have gone up Salt river. There will now be a greater rush than ever to the Philad. Branch for those suits so remarkably low in price that every candidate defeated and elected wants one.

That the following case of starvation should occur in Philadelphia, one of our proudest cities, full of fine churches and benevolent institutions is a disgrace to our civilization. An inquest was held on the body of Mrs. Jonathan McCord developed a case of peculiar sadness, the woman having absolutely died from exposure and starvation. Mrs. McCord was the widow of George W. McCord, who conducted a hat establishment in Philadelphia and grew quite rich. Through speculation in real estate McCord lost his money and died, leaving his wife penniless. Mrs. McCord was reduced to a condition of want when she was discovered by an old friend, Mrs. Margaret Wallace herself very poor. For weeks they had gradually been starving to death, and all their combined worldly possessions, save their scant clothing, had found its way to the pawnshop. The other day they met Charles Hamm, a grocer, who gave them a room over his place. Mrs. McCord had already suffered so severely from want that she died the next day.

The dead woman is said to have three sons employed in a clothing and dry goods store in the city. They deserted their mother when she became poor and she afterward lost sight of them.

FEARFUL SCENES AT A FIRE.

Chicago, Oct 30.—The large building situated on the southern corner of La Salle and Michigan streets, the lower floors of which were occupied by hide dealers and the upper portion by Fisher's cigar box factory, caught fire about noon. The building was owned by Mr. Culver, Page & Hague, and was a five story structure, accupied by Schnabel & Co., barbed wire; Campbell Printing Press Co., Danheizer Brothers, chewing-gum manufacturers, and W. F. Fisher's cigar box factory. The latter was on the top story and employed twenty-one men and eighteen girls. The foreman of the shop James Carr, got all of the thirty seven souls together in good order and coolly led them to the fire proof stairs and safely to the ground. Troubled with doubt as to whether any were left behind Carr quickly returned to the fifth story, but remained a few moments too late, as the flames had cut off every avenue of escape. He hurried to the roof and amid the wild excitement of the thousands of people below he was thrown a rope from the building on the opposite side of the street and, making the line fast, he commenced his perilous descent, while the firemen held a heavy tarpaulin beneath as a protection. Suddenly the rope snapped under the man's weight or was burned by the bursts of flames and Carr's body shot downward, head foremost, and to the horror of the crowd of people went directly through the tarpaulin and was picked up from the stones with his neck broken and mangled almost beyond recognition. Another thrilling scene meanwhile was taking place at the fire-escape from the chewing-gum factory. Eighteen young girls, panic-stricken, came down pell mell and when within twenty-five feet of the ground the last eight jumped to the pavement, failing in a confused heap. Fortunately only three of them were seriously injured, they receiving painful cuts and bruises. It is believed that all of them are safe. The loss will reach $100,000.

A HUNDRED PEOPLE DROWNED.

The Work of Recent Storms on the California Coast.

San Francisco, Oct. 28.—The steamer Newbern, which arrived from Guaymas to-day, brings news of disastrous storms on the coast of Lower California. The steamer Estado de Sonore, which left Mazatlan, September 29, with nineteen passengers and a crew of 38, is believed to have been lost with all on board. The steamer was a Mexican coaster of seven hundred tons, owned by Don Joaquin Redo. The American schooner Dora is also believed lost. Another storm occurred October 7, and continued three days. Twenty houses at Cape St. Lucas were destroyed, and a great number of cattle killed. Nine Mexican coasters were lost. Each had from three to five persons on board. All perished except one sailor and a boy. The storm was the most violent ever seen in those parts.

OIL IN RUSSIA.

The Immense Wells There—The Effect on the American Market.

Titusville, Pa., Oct. 28.—For the past two months the Titusville *Herald* has been making extensive inquiries abroad among consuls and petroleum associations with a view of procuring reliable information as to the condition of the Russian oil fields and what is likely to be the extent of their competion with the American article. A long article published in the *Herald* shows that there exists at Baker, on the Caspirn Sea, extensive oil fields, prolific beyond anything known in the United States. The records show one well produced 15,000,000 gallons of crude oil which was sold for sixteen cents a ton for fuel, there being no demand for it for illuminating purposes.

Consul General Perry estimates the minimum productive capacity of the Baker fields at 1,600,000 tons of crude oil a year. Turning to the question of competition, the *Herald* will publish a long letter from United States Consul John Wilson, at Bremen, which is the largest petroleum market in Europe, in which he says that Russian competition is confined to Russia, Turkey, Southern Austria and Italy, and that only a small quantity of crude oil has as yet been shipped into Germany.

——The election is over and if you don't feel quite right over the result, you can work yourself into a good mood by purchasing a suit of clothes at the Philad. Branch. The money saved thereby will make you feel good. Try it.

GOOD RACKET AT COBURN.

SPLENDID OVATION TO CURTIN.

A Bad Baker and a Little Bealing

Grand Rally at Millheim.

Friday evening at 5, was a lively hour at Coburn station. A meeting had been appointed for Millheim that evening, as it was known that ex-Gov. Curtin would alight there from the train, from his Union county trip, and proceed to Sugar Valley next day. The Hall managers at Lewisburg had billed a meeting at Coburn for the Elk county congressional midget. By the time the train was due at Coburn, nearly a thousand of the sturdy yeomanry of Penn, Haines and Miles, with two bands, had gathered at the station to welcome the arrival of the great war governor and escort him to Millheim.

When the train arrived, and the tall form of Gov. Curtin was observed stepping from the platform, the crowd rushed to him. Democrats and Republicans, and such round of cheers never before echoed through the Penns Valley mountains. It seemed as though the mass were ready to bear him on their arms to the hotel, but as the tall frame of the Governor is most conspicuous when he walks erect, he was permitted to walk to Kleckner's hotel about ten rods distant, the crowd ringing cheer after cheer in his ears. The writer announced that the governor would speak a few minutes from the hotel porch for the impromptu ovation.

From the same train stepped a drum corps accompanied by three or four Hall captains from Lewisburg, which was to constitute the Hall siesta for the evening at Coburn.

When Gov. Curtin stepped to the front of the hotel porch to speak a few minutes to the crowd, it was observed that the Lewisburg drum corps was keeping up an endless tshune near the governor. Sheriff Dunkle, Wes. Gephart, ex-Sheriff Spangler, Heinle, the writer, and others, remonstrated with the bosses of this little intrusion of the Hall pipers, and kindly asked them to save their wind for five minutes so Curtin could talk to his enthusiastic friends. This Hall's captain refused and the pipers kept on piping and the drummers kept up their beating, yet there was not a Hall man in the whole crowd except three from Lewisburg and Harry Hall, (Hall's brother and dollar peddler.) They said it was their meeting—our fellows said their meeting was for the night, that this was a Curtin escort and Curtin had a right to be heard. The answer was for the music to go on and then the crowd got on its ear, and at the word of command from any of the Curtin leaders was ready, with a smile to chaw up the Hall affair, drums, fife and all. Angry demonstrations were seen. Remonstrances were rapeated kindly. Gephart prevailed to have the drumming stoppped, but it was for a minute. The writer then approached one of the bosses and said, Now if you don't stop that darn music we'll put your business on a freight car and send your little circus back to Lewisburg by gravity. Remonstrances were renewed by Dunkle, Heinle, Gephart, Tobias and others, and the Hall fellows seeing they had not a sympathiser in the crowd, they ordered the music to stop, offering to discuss the the issues 1½ hours on each side. Now as their side of the question could be attended to in one minute and as their candidate was not bigger than Tom Thumb, the Curtin people were not willing to fool away valuable time with a bad Baker whose bread is fit for no stomach and a little Bealing that would only be offensive, and Gov. Curtin spoke a few minutes, and then the escort, ½ mile long, moved to Millheim for the meeting there, leaving the frightened Hallers at Coburn with nobody for their evening meeting but the drum corps. The affair was the finest racket of the kind we ever saw. Every Curtin man had the smile of good humor, but teeth set with determination that Gov. Curtin should have a chance to be heard by the people who had come to meet and greet him.

At Millheim the street was crowded with people from the surrounding neighborhood. The hotels were decorated, and cheer after cheer went up for Curtin. After supper a meeting was organized in the school house yard. By this time the bad Baker and little Bealing had also got up to Millheim, as their circus at Coburn did not have an audience at all—it was a complete water-Hall, and the drummers could drum all evening without an orator to interfere with, and probably they are still drumming at this writing.

The ovation to Curtin at Millheim was splendid. Curtin, of course, with such a unanimous testimonial of Democrats and Republicans, felt good, and made one of his best speeches. Heinle, Fortney and Gephart delivered brief but telling addresses. Among the Republicans present who worked with the Democrats in the Coburn racket and ovation at Millheim were Harry Hicks, J. L. Kurtz and Chas. Hewes.

After the close of meeting Gov. Curtin went to the hotel to shake hands with scores who idolise him.

Beale, to wear off his disgust of the utter failure at Coburn, at a late hour, ventured into the parlor where Curtin and his friends were, and made himself affable as possible, admitting we were all first-rate fellows, and giving half a dozen different fellows the credit for having stopped the music, he no doubt went home to bear the story of the Coburn racket to his people, and tell them that the Centre county Democracy are composed of the best grit, pluck and firmness in the state, and that when they undertake a thing they Hall it through, and Mr. Baker will know that there is a dough not dreamed of in Hall's philosophy and which he has not yet been able to knead, altho' some needy fellows made a good *hall*.

——Now is the time, and the Philad. Branch is the place, to get a good, warm winter suit of clothes for from $5 to $10 cheaper than at any store in Pennsylvania. The best assortment ever found in his county. One price for all.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD MINERS.

Uniontown, Pa., Oct. 29.—The funerals of the fourteen unfortunate miners who were killed in the mines took place here to-day. Nearly every man left a large family. The scenes were heart rending, and "God pity them" was heard from many a mouth. If operators could have seen these tears shed to day they would never think of grinding down wages to starvation rates of men who risk their lives to toil in the mines. Seven men were rescued alive, but two of them may die.

WIFE MURDER IN OHIO.

Lima, Ohio, Oct. 31.—Ben Heffner, a farmer living near Westminster, yesterday shot and killed his wife and attempted to kill his son, daughter and daughter-in-law. He was arrested and brought here. Physicians will examine his mental condition.

FIFTEEN MEN BELIEVED TO HAVE PERISHED BY A GAS EXPLOSION.

Uniontown, Pa, Oct. 27.—This afternoon at about 4 o'clock a terrible explosion of gas occurred in the coal mine of the Youngstown Coke Company, three and a half miles north of here. The men on the day turn had left the mine and the night turn, consisting of 24 men, had only been in a short time previous to the explosion. At present writing, 10 p. m., but six of the men have been found, two so badly burned and cut that they cannot recover; one slightly burnt and with an arm broken and two killed. The accident happened on the sixth flat, on the right of the main entrance on the slope, about half a mile from the mouth of the mine.

There were two explosions, the second occurring about two minutes after the first. Both were very loud and were heard a mile away.

A mountain of smoke and flames poured out of the pit mouth immediately after the explosion, and continued to do so for a full hour. The only way in which it is possible to get at the men is by means of the air-shaft, as the other channels are filled with poisoned afterdamp. In many of the rooms where the men were working the roofs have fallen and the men cannot be found. The supposition is that they are burried beneath the fallen roofs. If such is the case the loss of life will be greater than was at first anticipated. No one seems to know exactly how many men were in the mine; some say twenty-one, others twenty-four. The scene at the air shaft where the bodies are being brought up is a most distressing one. Fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and brothers were all waiting in agonizing suspense to learn weather their dear ones were found, and if so in what condition.

THE MODEL STORY.

A very singular story which forms one of the sensational topics of the day is the best authenticated of the many stories of the supernatural that have been lately told. Only a short time ago a young and well-known artist, Mr. A., was invited to pay a visit to his distinguished friend, Mr. Izzard. The house was filled with guests, but a large and handsome room was placed at his disposal, apparently one of the best in the house. For three days he had a delightful visit; delightful in all particulars save one—he had each night a horrible dream.

He dreamed he was—or was really—suddenly awakened by some person entering his room, and in looking around, saw the room brilliantly lighted, while at the window stood a lady elegantly attired, in the act of throwing something out. This accomplished, she turned her face toward the only spectator, showing a countenance so distorted by evil passions that he was thrilled with horror. Soon the light and the figure with the dreadful face disappeared, leaving the artist suffering from a frightful nightmare.

On returning to his city home he was so haunted by the fearful countenance which had for three consecutive nights troubled him, that he made a sketch of it, and so real that the evil expression seemed to horrify every one who saw it.

Not a great while after the artist went to make an evening visit on Mr. Izzard; that gentleman invited him to his picture-gallery, as he wished to show him some remarkable old family portraits. What was Mr. A.'s surprise to recognize among them, in the likeness of a stately, well-dressed lady, the one who had so troubled his slumbers on his previous visit, lacking, however, the revolting, wicked expression. Soon as he saw it he involuntarily exclaimed:

"Why, I have seen that lady!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. I., smiling, "that is hardly possible, as she died more than a hundred years ago. She was the second wife of my great-grandfather, and reflected anything but credit on the family. She was strongly suspected of having murdered her husband's son by a former marriage, in order to make her own child heir to the property. The unfortunate boy broke his neck in a fall from a window, and there was every reason to believe that he was precipitated from the window by his stepmother."

The artist then told his host the circumstances of his thrice-repeated experience, or dream, and sent for his sketch, which, so far as the features were concerned, was identical with the portrait in Mr. Izzard's gallery. The sketch has since been photograped, but from its hideous expression is far from pleasant to look upon.

TEACHING ANIMALS TO TALK.

A pretty picture, exhibited some time ago, represented a little child looking up inquiringly to the intelligent face of a collie dog, and was entitled "Can You Talk?" Sir John Lubbock has lately been asking the question of a little black poodle, and has been endeavoring to teach it to make its wants known by the use of cards with written characters upon them. Thus, one card bears the word "Food," another "Out;" and the dog has been taught to bring either the one or the other to his master, and to distinguish between the meanings of the two. It seems doubtful whether the dog in this case uses the faculty of sight or smell; and it would be a source of some interest and amusement to those possessing an obedient dog, and with time at their disposal, to carry out the same kind of experiments, using cards every time.

It is constantly brought home to any observing owner of a dog that the animal understands a great deal more than he is generally credited with. In one case we know of a Dandy Dinmont who became so excited when certain things were mentioned in which he was interested, that French words had to be used in place of English ones when he was present. Their intelligence is truly marvellous. The wife of the editor of this journal possesses a terrier which, while his mistress is out driving, will remain quietly in the parlor during her absence, taking no heed of other vehicles that may come to the front door in the interval, but instantly recognizing by some intuitive perception the arrival of the carriage or cab that has restored his mistress. Be it noted that the room in which Tim is confined during these temporary partings is at the back of the front door. This special power of discrimination on the part of our favorite has always been a marvel to us.

Col. Stuart Wortley, commenting upon Sir John Lubbock's experiments, tells an interesting story concerning a cat which he found during the Crimean War. The poor creature was pinned to the ground by a bayonet, which had fallen and pierced its foot. The colonel released it; and the animal attached itself to him, and remained with him to the end of the war. The first two mornings of their acquaintance the cat was taken to the doctor's tent to have his wound dressed. The third morning, the colonel was on duty; but the cat found his way to the doctor's all the same, scratching at the tent for admission, and holding up his paw for examination.—*Chamber's Journal.*

SOME SOUTHERN ENIGMAS.

The departed judge is eulogized as a gentleman of ancient lineage, though everybody knows that his grandfather, the Revolutionary officer, was the first of the name that anybody ever heard of, and a man of rare culture, though a line of Cicero or Herodotus would have put such culture to a most trying test. As an instance of the enigmas that face the student of Southern life, one may cite one of the chief boasts of slavery, "that in creating a leisure class it stimulated intellectual activity." It certainly gave a stimulus to party politics and the kind of talent required to conduct them, and forensic ability was never wanting, but anything like such a barren literary record as is presented by the Southern States could hardly be paralleled in the history of any civilized community. Yet the claim of unsual "culture" is one of the commonest made in behalf of social Southern superiority. That very prominent feature of Southern life, "Southern pride," is a much more modern institution than it would fain believe itself to be. If it were confined to the really old colonial families who are still prominent it would be perfectly intelligible and perfectly admissible, and the hunting up of imaginary cavaliers would be quite superfluous, but it is not. A North Carolinian educated and well-to-do slave-holder, for instance, would have been in no way behind-hand with this indescribable kind of sectional and social pride; but of all the colonies to which England ever gave birth, North Carolina was in its origin probably the most essentially plebeian, and, moreover, remained plebeian and rude to a very late date. South Carolina, on the other hand, which was only semi-English in origin, rapidly developed a small and well-to-do upper class, with commercial and urban as well as mere planting interests. In Virginia a majority, I should say, of those families who claim and receive the appellation of "good," who hug to themselves the magic but elastic title of F. F. V., would not care to go back much beyond the Revolutionary War in the work of investigation, and would shrink from the horny hands of the honest settler whom they would in all probability find, axe in hand, barring the genealogical path to the traditional cavalier.

A flatterer is said to be a beast that biteth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations. For as a wolf resembleth a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of Sundry Writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County and to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884,

the following property, to wit:

No 1. All that certain piece of ground situated in the borough of Unionville, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of J C Smith, on the east by an alley, on the west by ——— street, and on the south by Centre street. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable, and other out buildings.

Also another tract of land situated in Union township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the southeast by plank road, on the southwest by land of Thos. Parsons, on the northeast by lands of the estate of Alexander Edminston. Thereon erected a frame dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of H W Hoover.

No. 2. All that certain piece of ground situated in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone corner of Isaac Smyth thence by same south 43° east 92½ perches to a stone, thence north 47° east 27½ perches to a stone, thence by lands of Samuel Homan south 43° east 30 perches to a stone, thence by Edward Rogar south 56° west 54 8-10 perches to a stone, thence by John Fallon north 43° west 114 perches to stones, thence by pike north 47° east 27 perches to the place of beginning, containing 24 acres and 53 perches, neat measure.

Also another piece in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a white oak corner of Edward Rogar thence by the stone south 56° west 15 perches to a stone, thence by Isaac Smyth north 34° west 42 perches to stones, thence north 56° east 15 perches to a stone, thence by John Fallon south 34° east 42 perches to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres and 150 perches.

Also another piece of ground situated in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning by a lime stone by the pike thence by land of John Fallon north 42° west 21 3-10 perches to a lime stone, thence by land of T Huston north 65½° east 8 4-10 perches to a lime stone, thence south 42° east 17 4-10 perches to a lime stone, thence by the pike south 48° west 8 2-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 154 perches. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J H Tolbert.

No. 3. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Spring Mills, in Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by Daniel Lose on the west by Mrs. Joseph McCool, on the east by Geo. A Runk and on the south by L. & T. Railroad, containing ½ acre, more or less, thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Bame.

No. 4. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Samuel Gardner north 75° east 67 perches to a pine, thence north 61° east 50 perches to a post, thence south south 30° east 68¾ perches to stones, thence by land of M. and C. Schenck south 61° west 33 perches to a post, thence south 51° west 27 perches to a pine, thence south 61° west 158 6-10 perches to stones, thence by land of John Wagner north 21½° east 134 perches to the place of beginning, containing 77 acres and 85 perches and allowance of six perches for road and less two acres for school house lot and another lot. It being the same premises conveyed to J J Gardner by James Mahaffey and wife Oct. 20, 1849 and conveyed to James Mahaffey by John Roab and wife on the 22d day of April, 1841, and conveyed to John Roab by Christian Glossner and wife on the 25th day of March, 1839, and conveyed to Christian Glossnor by Hugh Shaw and wife on the 26th day of March, 1838, conveyed to Hugh Shaw by Mary and John Brickley on the 27th day of June, 1836, and conveyed to Mary and John Brickley by Matthew Leitch on the 3d day of May, 1834, conveyed to Matthew Leitch by pattent from land office bearing date, March 25, 1834. Enrolled in pattent book "H", volume 32, page 557. Thereon erected a log dwelling house, log barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the propeaty of John McKan.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money be paid in full.

T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Nov. 3, 1884.

Wonderful.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch, Sept. 25th, 1880.

"Very seldom do we read of an actual case of recovery, where hope had altogether been lost, to parallel that which was Monday investigated by a Dispatch reporter, who had heard in various quarters persons talking to their friends of a cure, seemingly little short of marvelous, that had been performed. The plain facts in the case referred to, without exaggeration, are these, as they were learned from the mother of the young man, his pastor and other persons well known in the community:

"William Lincoln Curtis is the name of the young man in question. He is now employed at H. K. Porter & Co.'s locomotive works in Pittsburgh, Pa. A year ago he resided with his mother on Grant street. About that time he went to bed one evening with a violent pain in his shoulder, the result, he thought, of a cold. The next morning the shoulder was greatly swollen, the pain was intense, and aches were felt all through his system. His case was speedily developed into a violent form of chronic rheumatism, among the first notable features of which was the paralysis of his left arm.

"He gradually grew worse, and in a few months the elbow and knee joints and both ankles became enormously enlarged. In March last the check bones began to enlarge, and upon his left side particularly, spreading his face out of all resemblance to his former self. The pain in all his joints became intense; fever, with its deteriorating effects, was now added, and he became rapidly reduced to the semblance of a skeleton, while vitality reached its lowest possible condition, and his sufferings were of such an indiscribable character that those who most loved him sometimes thought it would be better if he was called away. At this time physicians well known in Pittsburgh informed his parents that they could give no hopes of recovery.

"The young man finally commenced taking that wonderful medicine, PERUNA. In two weeks quite a change for the better, was perceptible. In six weeks all the enlargement had been reduced completely, while in spirits and strength the patient was quite as well as he had ever been in his life. Nearly three weeks ago he resumed work as a machinist at his old place, able to perform as much labor as ever in his life.

"The mother of Willie Curtis, in stating all these facts, said: 'Indeed, I can not look upon the cure much less than as a miracle. I do not hesitate in sounding the praise of PERUNA, and in recommending it to all my friends.'"

The pastor of the church where the young man attended Sabbath school was visited, and he readily confirmed the facts of the deformed bones, the emaciated condition from disease, and of the doctors having given him up. He was greatly surprised at his improved condition. Said he, "If he had not spoken, I would not have known him."

Paper may be stuck on wood by means of this solution: Gum arabic, half-ounce; powdered gum tragacanth, half-ounce; water, one and one-half ounces, and acetic acid, 20 drops. It will cause labels to adhere very firmly without staining them, unless the paper is of an unusually bad quality. A clear solution of gum arabic applied once or twice is all the varnish required in finishing for most purposes.

Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess.

ON THE RIVER.

Come let us take a row upon the river!
The sun is up, the morn is cool and clear—
Along the stream our light canoe we'll steer
While far and near the wavering shadows shiver,
Upon the water's breast; and murmuring ever,
The music of the ripples we thall hear
From shady shallows, as our boat draws near;
While overhead the sunbeams dance and quiver.
Then come, shove off! Our bark's afloat once more,
With steady stroke we shoot into the stream—
Look!—in our wake the waters brightly gleam,
As we glide onward. Lightly dip your oar!
And now beneath the shadows of the shore
We drift along in silence, like a dream.

CRUSADER.

A snowy March day. Outside the clouds pouring out their white, biting little tormentors into the raging wind, which hurls them maliciously against the faces of a little group of women, who walk quickly along through the furious storm. Inside, warmth and comfort in the houses of the rich; the sparkle of ruddy coal fires in the grate; soft-cushioned chairs, brilliant with glowing silk, and woolen tidies; foot-stools of dainty handiwork, indolent women in warm cozy corners deep in the latest novel, and indolent men, cards in hand, with a bottle between them, which grows lighter and emptier as the moments fly.

All this indoors; and still, out in the chill cutting winds, the snow, ankle deep in the slush of the city's thoroughfares, the little band of women, brave and noble, pass on their way, intent on a holy crusade against vice and evil.

Inside, the card-playing goes on. The bottle is empty at last, and by the flushed, heated face opposite him, Roy Denzil knows that it is not alone the loss by gambling that is drawing the purple veins into strong relief upon his companion's forehead; that it is not the miserable run of luck that clinches the fists until the cords throb under the feverish skin; knows this, yet smiles under his silky, blonde mustache as he pronounces the bottle empty.

"No emptier than that!" says the young man opposite holding aloft a netted purse, the work of fair, loving fingers, finished but a month ago. As he says it, he looks at the shining silken mesh, and his fevered thoughts rove back to a third-story lodging in the heart of a distant city, where lives his sister and mother, who are even now dreaming dreams of a bright future this painfully earned money—the savings of three hard years of labor—shall bring to them; this same money that is emptied upon the little card-table in the club-house, and which is quietly swept into Roy Denzil's pocket after he has lit a costly Havana.

"God help me!" moans the lad, who has lost his first money upon cards.

"So bad as that?" asks Roy, indolently.

"'Bad as that.' Can anything be worse?" comes in hoarse echo from the youth of twenty years.

"Surely," says Roy, looking at him with a tinge of surprise in his fine gray eyes; "surely you will not miss these few hundreds; you, with your Eastern estates? You told me, did you not, that you were worth ten thousand a year?"

"I told you a lie!" and he dashes his fist upon the little green leather-covered table in savage emphasis. "I told you a shameful lie! The money was my mother's and sister's, and I, miserable fool, was intrusted with their hard-gotten earnings to find them a little place out in the West. "Oh, heaven, help me, help me, help me!"

"My lad," and Roy's voice lowered itself insensibly, "listen to me. There is your money! I return it to you on two conditions, and they are—promise me that you will never taste spirits again, and that you will never stake a penny on anything."

"God bless you, I promise! I swear!" holding out a nervous throbbing hand to Roy. But Roy pretended not to see it, and busies himself with refilling the purse. "Mr. Denzil, if I may be so bold, tell me why you—you—gamble and drink as you have done to-night!"

"For pastime, dear fellow; simply that."

"And you can find amusement in it—you whose soul is far above——"

"Bah! what twaddle have you been learning?"

"You have my promise to stop all; may I not," looking eagerly into Denzil's meditative eyes, "may I not ask you to quit, too?"

"How am I so indebted to you that you presume to ask me that?" he asks, nonchalantly knocking the ash from his cigar. "You're too enthusiastic, my dear boy!" Then, with a little laugh. "Even the ladies can't move me, bless them!"

"Then how can it interest you whether or no I drink?"

"You? Well, you are young; you can turn aside as you will. I was once as you are, and I would keep you away from the path in which I lost my reckoning and stumbled so far into its depth that I cannot turn about. They say there is a better path than this. I cannot tell, I have not tried, but I would set your feet that way before they know the devil's highroad—that is all."

There is an unusal stir among the well-bred club members. A cold air blows in upon and scatters the fumes of the Turkish tobacco in little hazy clouds, and through this Indian summer-like mist there comes eight chosen ones—the mortal angels of the present century.

Some of the men shrink perceptibly Others bravo it out under the eight pairs of gentle, loving eyes, while one man, Roy Denzil, lifts his hat, with inborn knightliness and listens with a listless air to the services going on about him.

But the boy at his side kneels down, and leaning above a chair cushion, he presses the little purse to his lips and weeps great tears of remorse. And when he lifts his head again the women have gone away, and Denzil stands, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, his cigar out, and a little of something long buried warming his heart with a different warmth from that of wine. The youth catches at Roy's hand which hangs nervously near him—a bejeweled hand as white and shapely as a woman's—and kisses it raptuously.

"Little fool!" says Roy, snatching it from him angrily.

"Fools speak the truth sometimes, Mr. Denzil; listen to me. The devil and the angel are battling within you. let the angel have the mastery?"

"That depends," is all the answer he gets.

The clock above the mantle rings out four hasty peals. Outside the snow comes dashing against the pane and pile up a white rift in every corner. It will be dark soon, and the chandelier will be ablaze with lights. Meanwhile——

"How is it my friend?" comes timidly up into Roy's ears.

"The devil has won," he answered, with a sneer. "Wrong is so much stronger than right, now-a-days. Good-night, my boy," and he leaves him to dash out into the darkening streets.

Along a grand avenue walks Roy Denzel, full of bitter thoughts and pitiful fancies. Ah, what might have been!

Along the avenue, out on the country roak he walks, through the deep snow, keeping in the little path unwittingly; walking on and on, though a pair of fine horses are champing and stamping impatiently in their stables at home for a dash over these same country roads with their master's hand upon the ribbons. On and on; and at last after crossing a crazy old bridge thrown over a narrow rocky chasm of sixty feet or more, he gains a cross-road. He does not comprehend that he has turned to the right and found a bridle path near the fence; but he does so, and at last, after another quarter of an hour, he stands before a brilliantly lit mansion.

"Great Heaven! What have I come here for? Has the devil won after all?"

Tap, tap, tap.

"Good evenin' Massa Roy! Gracious, but I'se glad to see yah! Come in, come in. Misses am in de pahlah, and Missy Marjorie am in de libraree," says the old ebony familiar—Roy's nurse when he needed one; but now promoted to be his mother's half servant.

"Thank you Uncle Ned: I'll go to the library. Miss Marjorie is there you say?"

"Iss, massa. Done come wisiting a fortni't agone," says the garrulous old negro.

Roy passes through the long, richly-carpeted hall, where he used to run riot in the days of early boyhood, but which of late years knows him no more; and, reaching at last a certain door he pushes it softly open and enters the quiet, unlighted room. The flames of the fire-light flickers about as the door opens and closes, disclosing the face of a girl, whose eyes gaze almost mournfully into the fiery chasms between the bars of the grate.

"Marjorie!" and a tenderness thrills in the voice that calls her name.

She rises with a quick cry, and stands before him.

"Good-evening, Mr. Denzil," she says, after a moment's pause, cool and calm as the marble bust behind her and showing as little feeling.

"Excuse me, he says turning to leave her presence: "it is not the Marjorie I expected. Good-evening."

"Stay, Royal! Why do you live so wicked a life?" the troubled voice seeming full of pain.

"Wicked? Who told you that?"

"Everyone knows it, Roy—every one but your mother."

"And she does not?"

"She does not know it. They came to tell her, but I sent them away."

"Why did you interfere?" he asks, not resentfully, but as if he enjoyed it rather.

"I will tell you why, Royal. Your mother believes in you as she does in heaven—believes you to be good and true and pure. God help her! If she lost faith in you—the only one left her in her old age—if she heard of your follies, your gambling, your hard drinking, she would die of shame!"

"I—I will go to her," and he passed from the presence of the young, blazing eyed maiden to seek the parlors.

His mother meets him with a cry of delight:

"Oh, Royal, my darling son!"

"You are well, mother?"

"As well as I can be without the sunshine of your presence," letting her eyes rove from the handsome chestnut-colored waves of silken hair to the round smooth chin, whose dimples in his babyhood where her pride. They talked joyously for full an hour, until Roy's clothes are dried without her knowledge, and he is ready to turn his face cityward.

"Not going back to-night, Roy?"

"I am, indeed, lady mother," pulling his tawny mustache uneasily.

"Well, then, if you must leave me, ring the bell for me before you go. Bring up a bottle of that oldest vintage, Uncle Ned," says the lady, as a black face and gray wooly head answered the summons. And, when the wine is brought, a little figure glides in behind the stately old servant.

"Come, Marjorie, darling, drink with me to Royal's health."

"Is he sick?" she asks, gazing up at him in half mock, half serious gravity.

The mother laughs a merry, innocent laugh. as she pours the wine into a large glass until it is brimming full. For herself and Marjorie she sets out two dainty little glasses holding half-a-dozen thimblefuls apiece.

Royal tosses the burning liquid down his throat at one swallow, and refills his glass. No doubt had the great brown eyes remained in the twilight of the library, and not come to search his very soul as they are doing now, the wine would have been untasted. But, as it is, standing under the sunset glow of those limpid brown orbs, he feels an unconquerable desire to quarrel with her. And so he drinks until the bottle is all but empty, and his mother still sips at her brimming glass.

The eyes and wine together prove too much for his brain, and he feels the potent spirit of the long imprisoned wine taking fast and furious possession of him. She sees it, too, this little Marjorie, who loves him with her whole heart and soul, and who sorrows, as the angels sorrow, for a creature gone astray.

"Come to me, Royal, after you have said good-night."

In a moment he is beside her as she enters the library.

"Royal Denzil, I implore you not to go away from here to-night! I feel a horrible presentiment—what it is I cannot tell! Oh, Roy, stay! You are not fit to ride to town to-night! Stay with us Roy, dear Roy!"

But the wine is his master, and he knows not what he does save that there is a fierce exultation in feeling that he is opposing her wishes. Finding that he does not heed her, she leaves him and runs out through the yard, which is black as ink, to the stable, where the groom's lantern, swaying about like a yellow, unsteady star in the still falling snow, makes the surroundings more gloomy.

"What beast are you getting out for Mr. Denzil?"

"Prince, Miss Marjorie," looking round-eyed at her bare head and dainty figure abroad in the storm.

"Prince is well enough when Mr. Denzil is sober; but to-night saddle my own horse, Regan, and bring her around. Mr. Denzil is too drunk to see a difference;" which unvarnished truth she leaves to astonish the groom as it may, as she whisks back with icy-powdered curls and limp little silk wrapper into the front hall.

And Roy is ready to go. A dreamy smile, with which the wine-spirit lit up his handsome features, has changed to a glance that is horrible to the little maiden who stands at the door to see him off!

"Good-night little Prim; won't you kiss me once before I go?"

Her lips touched obediently the fevered brow bent low for her caress; for a presentment of coming danger is strong. He gets into his saddle and is away. Down the long rutty lane to the cross-road. A sharp jerk on the left bridal-rein brings Regan into the highroad, and away through the darkness she gallops—straight for the crazy old bridge that lies half a mile beyond.

Two feet beyond him Roy cannot see; and, giving the beast rein, he lets her carry him on and on through the impenetrable drizzle of snow; over ruts and ridges, now down through a gully, now up over a snowy bank. On, and on, and on; and at last, with a loud snort, Regan stands still, stiff-kneed, immovable, in the dreary, penetrating snow-fall.

"Curse the beast" ejaculated Roy, cutting her sharply with his riding whip. "Go on Prince! Get up! You won't, eh?" he shrieks, in drunken fury, cutting the delicate flanks until they quiver with pain.

Sharper and sharper descend the blows from the now infuriated man, and still firm as a rock stands the tortured animal. Only a low whine, almost human comes from her as the cruel lash cuts her once glossy brown, but now red and lacerated sides.

Roy works himself into a beastly—nay, it were better to say human—passion, and wreaks all his ill-feelings upon the patient, dumb brute beneath him.

At last a little glimmer of apprehension breaks upon his dazed brain; he dismounts as best he may, and creeps along the ground feeling cautiously before him.

And three feet further on his hand finds no ground beneath its groping touch—nothing save empty air.

When it comes to Roy's confused senses that the bridge has fallen and that he has been urging his horse to take him to his destruction, the emotions aroused within him outweigh every influence of the wine, and in gratitude, his arms go around the neck of his faithful dumb friend, whose face he kisses in thankfulness; and when he remembers the cruel stripes his hand has cut, great tears of bitterest remorse fall hotly down his pale cheeks.

And the tears once getting headway where they have been kept in so long a bondage, come storming from his eyes. Every better emotion is brought into play from hisnearness to death, and his life has so different a meaning from the life of a moment ago!

And here on the lonely brink of a chasm, with the snowflakes falling about him, and the bitter wind cutting him like a knife—for the great coat has been doffed to cover the wounds of the suffering horse—here, in the blackness of the night, his soul's angels of good and bad fight a terrible battle between themselves—and the good angel wins!

Back through the long dreary road, side by side, slowly and painfully, the horse and man find their way, and stop at length in Denzil's stables.

"The bridge was down, John. Bring a lantern; Prince is in need of— Regan!"

"Yes, sir! She would have it so—Miss Marjorie would! Said as how her beast was safer and—law! he's gone!"

He is gone; like the wind, he flies to the library—she is there still.

"Marjorie, God bless you, darling, come with me—quick!" The gray eyes looking down into hers are perfectly sober; so she lays a wee rose petal of a hand in his hand and lets him lead her away. "The bridge was down, Marjorie; look at your pet's flanks, and see how hard a penalty she bore for daring to save my neck! Poor Regan—your mistress will hate me now!"

"I hate you, Royal? Think you I would not undergo sufferings even such as this to save you. Oh, Royal, put not the love of a mere animal above my own?"

"Do you mean it little Prim? Thank God! But, my sweet——"

John, the groom, having heard this much of their conversation, thinks it a proper moment to go for the bottle of liniment. When he returns, Marjorie's arms are about the neck of her beautiful chestnut mare, and she says softly:

"What angel inspired you, darling Regan, to be so faithful and brave? Ah, Roy, how often these dumb creatures put us to shame! But you are Regan no longer; I name you 'Crusader.'" Then, turning to Roy: "How came your decision to be so suddenly made?"

"Suddenly? It seems years. Your Crusader took me to the heights and I—climbed them."

"What is the matter?" calls a breathless mother's voice.

"I am come home for good, mother—that is all!"

And hand in hand, like old-fashioned lovers, they go in from our sight.

Custom often overrules reason.

A Distinguished Hero.

In New York Major general Hancock and his son, Russell, called to pay their respects to General Harney, and General Hancock laughingly reminded him of an incident in which his son and General Harney figured. A few years ago General Hancock and his little boy called upon General Harney in a western town, and while there an Indian came to pay his respects. General Harney while talking with him was toying with a piece of string, and litile Russell Hancock, having read of his penchant for hanging red-skins, said pleadingly: "Please don't hang him, General; but then, if you do," he added, a smile of expectancy lighting up his boyish face, "give me his bow and arrows, won't you?"

A reporter had a long and pleasant chat with the general, who when he rose, towered considerably above his visitor, his height being six feet three inches, and his figure still erect and soldierly. He injured his leg a few weeks ago, and is a little lame, but treats the matter lightly. He spoke with modesty about his exploits. "You are not a graduate of West Point, general?"

"No. I was born at Haysborough, near Nashville, Tenn. Down there the boys indulge in athletic sports, and as a rule grow up to be pretty strapping fellows. When I was a young man I went to Baton Rouge to visit my brother, and met General Jesup, then colonel of the First infantry, and afterwards quartermaster general. One day he said to me: "Young man, how would you like to have a commission in the army?" I said: "First rate, general," and thought no more about it. A short time afterward on came a commission for me a lieutenant in the regular army, and thats how I happened to be a soldier.

"How many wars have you served in, general?"

"Oh, I don't know," laughed the general, "I don't care to talk about my own services."

"Let me see," said Mrs. St. Cyr. "The general was in the Seminole war in Florida, in the Black Hawk war, in a war with the Sioux, in which he fought a bloody battle at Ash Hollow on the Blue Water, in the Mexican war and in the late civil war. The general, you know, was the hero of the Seminole war, and hanged thirteen of the hostile chiefs, which ended it. Billy Bowlegs used to say: "If Harney catch me. me hang; if me catch him, he die.' It was the general who captured the hill of Cerro Gordo, but he never boasts of his own achievements."

Subsequently General Harney spoke kindly of the Indians, and told how he came near hanging an Indian agent for swindling them. "They all know me," said he, adding with laudable pride, "and if to day there was an outbreak among the Sioux I could go to them alone and stop it, for they would listen to me. There's no trouble getting along with the Indians if they are treated kindly. It's a shame that they should be swindled as they frequently are. I wish I had the punishment of the thieves," and tears of indignation came into the old hero's eyes as he said it."

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to give more than a mere outline of General Harney's distinguished career, He was commissioned a second lieutenant by President Monroe in 1818, and subsequently captured two of Lafitte's piratical vessels. He served on the staff of General Jackson, who, when President in 1833, made him paymaster of the army. In August, 1836, he was made lieutenant colonel of the 2nd dragoons. He fought gallantly through the Mexican war, but early incurred the enmity of General Scott, who endeavored to deprive him of his command, but was frustrated by William L. Marcy, secretary of state. He disobeyed an order once and achieved a victory in view of which his impetuosity was overlooked.

Prior to and long after the Mexican war he was actively engaged in fighting hostile Indians, in which he won extraordinary distinction. He had command of the expedition against Brigham Young in 1858, but learning that Harney intended to hang Young and his twelve apostles, he was relieved by the secretary of war, and General Johnston succeeded him. He was captured by the confederates at Harper's Ferry April 25, 1861, and taken on to Richmond, where he was implored by old friends to espouse the "lost cause," which he stoutly refused to do. His skill and gallantry secured him steady promotion from the time he entered the army, and he was retired in May, 1861, with the full rank of major-general.

The general who has two daughters and a son, will remain in the city only a few days, when he will return to St. Louis. Both of his daughters are married and living in France. One of them married Count de Noue, of the French army, and the other Viscount de Thury, a French gentleman. The son of the general lives in St. Louis. Mrs. St. Cyr, the generals adopted daughter and companion, is a native of Frederick Md., her maiden name being Miss Lizzie Cromwell. Her husband a Frenchman, died about fifteen years ago, since which time she has been attached to the general's family.

A Ride With a Maniac.

Grace Allison was a graceful and coquetish little blonde, whose golden hair and laughing blue eyes had made sad havoc among the hearts of the gentlemen of L——. On the morning of which I write Grace was seated in her cozy little boudoir, plunged in a dreamy reverie.

"Howard Sinclair! Yes; I love him truly and devotedly! Leonard Tubare says that Howard cares only for my money. But, pshaw! what a goose I am! As if Howard could be so mercenary!"

So saying, Grace rose and left the room, to dress for her ride with Mr. Tubare.

Meanwhile let us glance at Leonard Tubare as he drove up in his elegant carriage, ready to escort Miss Allison to the park.

Many would have pronounced him a handsome man, "only this, and nothing more!" But could Grace Allison have seen that strange glittering in his jet-black eyes, she would have deferred her ride forever.

Gay and smiling, Grace stepped into the carriage, and they were soon dashing along the smooth road, drawn by the proud-stepping bays. On their way they passed Howard Sinclair, whose honest face clouded over with pain and anger as he beheld the Italian's evil face, bending over Grace, with a look of conscious triumph.

Grace suddenly perceived that Tubare was driving toward an unfrequented part of the woods, and, seizing the reins she cried:

"Mr. Tubare, what does this mean? Where are you taking me? This is not the road to the Park! Turn back, sir, I command you!"

A wild, mocking laugh was his only answer; and obeying the voice of their master, the beautiful bays sprang forward with lightning speed.

Turning to the terrified girl, who sat speechless by his side, Leonard hissed through his clenched teeth:

"Ah, ha! I have you now, my birdie! Think you I would consent to see you led to the altar by that miserable Howard Sinclair! You little thought, last night, of the unseen intruder, hidden by the folds of the damask curtains! Ha, lady! Knowest thou, I am Ferdinand, King of Spain, and thou shall be my Isabella! Here is our palace. My Queen, alight," and as Gracie, utterly incapable of action, moved not, the madman seized her, and bore her quickly into the old, deserted house, which had long borne the name of the "Haunted Grange."

Relieved for a moment from his magnetic influence, Grace rushed wildly up stairs, in the vain hope of finding a hiding place. At last, crouching down behind an old arm-chair in the garret, she tremblingly awaited the return of Tubare.

"His wife! Rather death than such a fate!"

Tubare soon re-entered the house, and with hoarse cries and wild imprecations commenced a search for the trembling girl, who, half dead with fright, lay concealed in the garret.

Not many minutes elapsed ere Tubare, with a shout of demoniac triumph, dragged Grace from her hiding place, and, touching a spring in the wall, disclosed to view a narrow aperture, leading to a flight of steep stone steps.

Quickly descending them, he at last reached a cell, in which he placed the unconscious girl, and left, after having, with insane cunning, removed every article with which she might defend herself.

We left Howard Sinclair gazing after the carriage which contained all he held dear on earth—Grace Allison.

As he stood there, a gentleman hurried across the street, and, in an agitated voice, said:

"Allow me to ask you what may seem a strange question. Are you acquainted with the lady in the carriage which has just passed? You will understand my motive when I inform you that the dark-eyed man by her side is an escaped lunatic from the B——asylum! I am Dr. Ralston."

Seizing the doctor's arm, as in a vise Howard gasped:

"She is my betrothed bride!"

No other words passed between them. Dr. Ralston beckoned two policeman to him, and the four were soon seated in a hack, and speeding after the madman and his unfortunate companion.

When Grace recovered from the deep swoon into which she had fallen, at first she could not remember where she was, but, as a realization of her terrible situation flashed over her, she raised her hands in mute despair and sank in apathy upon the cold stone floor.

The grating of a key in the rusty lock aroused her, and, springing to her feet, Grace confronted Tubare with a calm, fixed gaze, which caused him to quiver and writhe, as if under the influence of some superior power. For an instant they stood thus, then suddenly recovering himself, Tubare darted forward and cried:

"Fair Isabella! Ha! my wife! my own forever!"

"Never!" shrieked Grace. "Howard Sinclair! Howard! help! help! help!"

As her agonized cry ran through the vaulted chamber and out into the corridor beyond, a scuffling sound, as of men hurrying down the stone steps, was heard and a voice cried:

"Courage, Gracie! succor is at hand!

With a yell of defiance, as of a wild beast brought to bay, Tubare rushed upon Grace, a Spanish dagger gleamed in his uplifted hand. One instant he paused, and then—Howard Sinclair sprang into the cell, in time to catch the fainting Grace, while Dr. Ralston and the officers succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in securing the maniac. For weeks and months Grace's life hung by a thread; but when once more the light of reason returned to the sweet blue eyes, Grace Allison's beautiful golden hair was as white as the driven snow.

Howard Sinclair petitioned an early day for their marriage, and one sunny morning in June beheld Grace Sinclair start on her bridal tour.

Leonard Tubare soon after died, in strong convulsions, and thus freed Grace from the terrible feeling of insecurity which had clung to her while Tubare was alive.

Grace is now the happy mother of three bouncing boys; but never will she forget that day of terror when she rode with Leonard Tubare!

Securities and Bonds.

There are, it seems, $20,000,000 in securities and money in the treasury of the United States that no one claims. In times gone by sundry persons have bought government securities which they have lost, or which have been destroyed; hence the twenty millions of unclaimed bonds in the treasury. There are savings banks in New York which have in their vaults large sums that will never be claimed. They belong to poor people who died, or that have moved away, or have forgotten they had ever any money in the bank. There is supposed to be some $80,000,000 of unclaimed money in banks and trust companies throughout the country which is lost to the heirs forever.

If a man has got any religion worth having he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Poverty of the soul is worse than that of fortune.

Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.

Wise men care not for what they cannot have.

A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.

Take care lest your tongue should cut off your head.

He has the greatest blind side who thinks he has none.

In love, as in war, a fortress that parleys is half taken.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

It is vanity to desire to live long, and not to care to live well.

He has riches enough who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

Disputations leave truth in the middle and party at both ends.

A straight line is the shortest in morals, as in mathematics.

A man displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself.

We are all frail but do thou esteem none more frail than thyself.

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?

Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good counsel.

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide, nor your mouth either.

Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the inferiority of those about us.

The sufficiency of thy merits is to know that thy merit is not sufficient.

To gain wealth does not make us happy; to lose it makes us miserable.

A good reputation is like an icicle—if it once melts, that's the end of it.

Veiling our faces we must take silently the hand of duty, and follow her.

Until the vine-leaves of youth are faded, who knows their value or sweetness?

Pride is increased by ignorance. Those assume the most who know the least.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

There are times and circumstances in which not to speak out is at least to connive.

They who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

It is one proof of good education and of true refinement of feeling to respect antiquity.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.

Do all you can to stand, and then fear lest you fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.

What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

Taking things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies all is darkness.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

A virtuous name is the precious only good for which queens and peasants' wives must contest together.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires, and in our having only regular desires.

As the fire-fly only shines while on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens.

We have a thousand reasons wherewith to condemn our neighbor, but not one wherewith to excuse him.

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.

After the sting of folly has made men wise they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.

Fine feelings, without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the extreme feathers of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and prosperous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

Human nature is pliable, and perhaps the pleasantest surprises of life are found in discovering the things we can do when forced.

Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another, and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease; many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness; novel without falsehood.

Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time.

If you are willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you will have the happiest home in the world.

Friendship without benefaction degenerates into a weak and worthless sentiment; benefaction without the spirit of friendship becomes a mechanical and lifeless routine.

AT FIFTY-ONE.

Jesting is over with me forever;
Life is too sober at fifty-one;
No longer I worship the witty and clever;
Things that amused me I loathe and shun.
I have come to the summit and now begun
To sink to the vale on the other side;
There's a damp in the air, there's a gloom on the sun,
Whose warning the vapors of Orcus hide.

And my fellow-travelers, left and right,
Fall away from the track, as we downward hie,
To their several homes; they are not in sight;
But I hear the bells as they bid good by;
How lonely I feel as I get more nigh
To my destined inn, a dismal place!
Shut from all glimpse of the goodly sky,
And the sunshine of every friendly face.

Yet what is to dread? there's a Master there
Full of pity, to welcome the weary guest;
Who will bind the footsore, and have a good care
Of every poor soul that seeks his rest,
I tremble to go to him, unconfessed,
I bear him no letters from priest or pope,
But I carry a passport within my breast
Of his own sure word, and a deathless hope.

MY GIRL LIZZIE.

In the year 1861 there resided in the western part of the State of Illinois a family by the name of Waldron, which consisted only of the mother and two children, the eldest, Tom, aged 20, and Lizzie, 16. Mrs. Waldron, from an attack of fever, had become blind and partially helpless, passing her time almost entirely in knitting, in which she was rapid and skilful. Despite her blindness, the old woman was very happy, being of a naturally contented disposition, and, she often declared, blessed in her children.

"My girl Lizzie" and "my boy Tom" were perpetually in her mouth, and in some respects the old woman was entirely right. "My girl Lizzie" was an angel, as far as such beings ever inhabit the earth; and her mother was her baby, her pet, and no baby was ever petted and waited on with the care and assiduity that Lizzie waited upon her mother. With Tom it was different. He was not a bad boy, only what people call wild; but this his mother did not know, for to keep the knowledge from her was part and parcel of the the care of Lizzie.

When Tom was supposed by his mother to be working on the farm he would be carousing at the village tavern, and when he was under the influence of liquor he would be quarrelsome to everybody but Lizzie and his mother; the former could do anything with him, and the later was in profound ignorance of his shortcomings, and only came in contact with him when, as Tom himself said, he was "entirely Tom Waldron."

It is an entirely natural sequence that Lizzie, with all her good qualities, and as pretty as she was good, should have a sweetheart, and that sweetheart was the son and only child of their next-door neighbor, a German farmer by the name of Ullman, an assertion that must be taken with this reservation, that Gustave Ullman was not the son of his father at all, but was simply an adopted son, who did not know who his own father was, and had almost forgotten his own name, which was George Stanton.

His history was that he was one of scores of little waifs sent West by a New York charitable society for adoption among the farmers. Old Ullman and his wife, who were childless, had seen the boy, liked him, and had taken him. He was then 10 years old and Lizzie was six, and boy and girl had been daily together ever since, until Lizzie did not recognize any difference between Gustave— the old folks had dropped his real name and called him by that of the old man—and her brother Tom.

Gustave had little to complain of in his life. It was poverty, but not want. The old couple saw the affection growing up between Gustave and Lizzie and approved of it. They looked forward to an early marriage, and it was not until the death of her father, which occured when Lizzie was 10 years old, and the quickly following blindness of her mother, that their faith in such a result was somewhat staggered, though, as nothing had been openly spoken about it, nothing was said in opposition; yet when, a year after his father's death, young Tom began to develop his wildness the careful old Germans began to look with serious apprehension on the ultimate result of such a marriage.

Gustave and Tom had always been fast friends, and the former had tried every possible way to win Tom from his reckless ways, but without success. Many and many a time had Gustave taken hold of Tom's neglected work upon the farm and brought things up to standard, though it must be confessed that when Tom was himself, a condition that would sometimes last for weeks at a time, he worked with a will that would soon catch up with lost time.

But the strangest thing of all this strange story, for it is a true one, was the remarkable resemblance between the two boys in many things, and yet, when seen together, the absence of all likeness. In age, size, form, feature and manner they were alike, and stranger still, in the tone of voice and manner of speaking, and yet they were not alike on comparison.

It was upon the voice that Mrs Waldron first drew attention, and she soon declared that even with all her attention it was only with great difficulty that she could distinguish the talk of the two boys apart. But at last came a trouble out of Tom's wildness that was greater than had ever been dreamed of. There had been a squabble and general fight at the village tavern, and a man had been killed, several witnesses swearing positively that Tom Waldron struck the blow. Tom was arrested and fully committed for murder. The news, as ill news always does, flew fast to the blind widow's house, and the messenger found Gustave and Lizzie sitting on the front porch, talking, for the first time they had directly broached the subject between them, of their love, and, as a consequence, of their marriage, and the news of the great trouble fell upon them in the birth of their happiness with terrible force. As soon as she could speak Lizzie's first exclamation was:

"Oh, Gustave! mother must not know anything about this."

Gustave agreed with her, but how was it to be managed? It might be kept from her for a day or two under the pretense that Tom had gone to the county town, which he did sometimes to get farming implements, seeds, or such things as might be wanted on the farm, and as it was now the spring of the year, when he generally did go, and so between Lizzie and Gustave it was agreed that this course should be pursued for a couple of days until they could conclude what they would finally do, and while Gustave hurried off to the country town to see Tom, Lizzie went into the house to watch her mother and see that no indiscreet visitors dropped in to tell her mother the bad news.

In the evening when Gustave came back, he had much to tell. He had, of course, found Tom in prison, having just awakened from his drunken slumber, horrified at what was told him, and at what he had done of which he remembered nothing. Gustave had been recommended by the prison officials to go see a celebrated criminal lawyer and had done so. That gentleman had promptly told him that the best he could do would be to save Tom from the gallows and have him brought in guilty of manslaughter, which would be imprisonment for life, this he would do for a fee of five hundred dollars, a sum he afterward reduced to three hundred when he heard of the blind mother and the young sister, though, at the same time, he warned them that they would need two hundred dollars more for contingent expenses.

Five hundred dollars! Where was it to come from? The entire money of the household did not amount to fifty dollars, and that Mrs Waldron kept charge of, and despite all her love for "My Girl Lizzie," was not likely to deliver it up without knowing who it was for, and all about it. Gustave was very much in the same position. He knew that Father Ullman had about the same amount, and would, on demand, let him have it, but would strongly object on knowing the purpose.

But the problem was to be solved by Tom himself the next day. Lizzie having charged Gustave's mother on the matter of secrecy, left her in charge of her mother and went with Gustave to see Tom. After they had talked it over in every way Tom said:

"Now, Lizzie, you know that if they don't get this money they will hang me. There's old Pierce, he will lend the money on a mortgage on the farm. Whether mother would rather have me hanged or not I don't know, but I leave it to you."

From Tom's cell to John Pierce, Lizzie went immediately, and found that Pierce, an old, crabbed, quarrelsome man, was perfectly willing to lend the money on getting a mortgage for the amount on the Waldron farm. So far, so good. There was no doubt that the mother would be perfectly willing to give the mortgage, but the doing so would involve her knowing all about it, and this Lizzie knew would kill her, or render her future life miserable.

Between herself and Gustave the matter was discussed that night, and the conclusion arrived at was that the end justified the means. The means were simply this: Gustave must, as far as he could, personate Tom, and the rest must be left to chance. What that chance was to be it was impossible to say, but the risk must be taken; but it was not taken until the old lady herself forced it. On the third day she kept reiterating:

"Where's Tom? He's been away for three days," and she began to lag over her knitting, and so Gustave came in and played Tom successfully with the blind mother.

The war of the rebellion had just broken out and a cry had gone up through the length and breadth of the land, a cry of patriotism from old and young, and all were rushing to the field. Tom had talked of it and his mother and sister had been silent. Gustave had talked of it, but Tom had decided that they could not both go, and only the day before his arrest he had said to his mother:

"Mother, I believe that God calls me to go to the defence of my country, and if Gustave will pledge himself to stay at home I will go. I know he will see that everthing goes right, and my pay will hire a man to do my work, and I shall come back a colonel, mother; perhaps a general; who knows?"

The mother only smiled a sickly smile, but said nothing. Now, on the day that Gustave assumed the character of Tom Waldron, he took up the subject where Tom had left it off, and said:

"Mother, Gustave has promised to stay home, and see to our farm and their own, and his father and mother have forbidden him going. I shall therefore enlist to-morrow."

"God knows best, my dear son, and if he calls for you I must be content," said the old woman, resignedly.

And that afternoon Gustave kissed and embraced the old woman, and went forth, leaving her to believe that Tom had followed his desire and become a soldier. And now there was one more trouble, and that was the mortgage. It was terrible, but it was "of two evils choose the least," Lizzie said.

"Mother, I should like to see Tom have a comfortable outfit, and take a little money with him. You know it is doubtful whether he will get any pay for three months yet, and as you have only enough to keep us until the crops begins to come in, I have asked the help of a friend who will not let me mention his name, but will lend me a hundred dollars for three years if you will sign a note for it."

To this Mrs Waldon at once consented. Three years was a long time to pay a hundred dollars in, and poor Tom must be made comfortable. Lizzie had the mortgage ready, and her mother signed it, believing she was signing a note for one hundred dollars. Then it was taken to Tom, who knew all about it and who signed it. Then Lizzie signed it. The money was paid by John Pierce, the lawyers' fee paid, and every effort made on behalf of the heart-stricken Tom, and a better result than that promised by them realized. Tom got off with his life and a twenty year sentence, and went to State prison, people said, from sympathy with his mother and sister.

Now, for a while, Lizzie and Gustave had a hard battle to fight to keep this terrible secret from the blind mother. She fretted for letters, and they were obliged to write them, and read them to her, feeling all the time the deceit, but believing they were doing right. Very soon the neighbors began to know the story and realize the situation, and very few called on her blind mother, and those who did, were guarded in their talk. Gustave was a son to her, and both he and Lizzie said to each other that it must end somewhere, and that Tom, who was really dead to the world, must be so to his mother.

They had read the accounts of the battles he was supposed to be engaged in, and tried, as far as could be done, to prepare her mind for bad news at any monent, and at last they thought the time had arrived when they could tell the old woman that Tom had fallen while gallantly fighting with his regiment in one of the battles in Virginia a little over a year after the outbreak of the war. How much better, they thought, than the truth, and the tale was told. At first the shock was terrible, but the old woman bowed her head and said, with a gasp:

"God's will be done, children. Tom was a good boy and a dutiful one, and I am glad that if he had to be taken from me that he died an honorable death for his country's sake."

And ever after, when she spoke of Tom it was in the same strain, and then Lizzie felt sure she had done right, and that the evil she had chosen had been really blessed.

But how about her marriage with Gustave? After the supposed news of Tom's death, Gustave had laid before his adopted parents his wish to make Lizzie Waldron his wife, and was met by them with the most determined opposition. At first they opposed it on the ground of their youth and afterwards on account of Tom, threatening that if he persisted they would appeal to Mrs. Waldon, and tell the whole story about her son. Of course this settled it, they held the power; and when he told Lizzie, she declared that their marriage must not be spoken of again, but finally they both agreed that they would never marry any one else and that they would wait for years, and so the second year of the war rolled by.

One evening in the early summer Lizzie had just parted from Gustave. She had walked down to the garden gate, and stood there a minute watching his receding figure up the road when she heard her name called in a low tone, and instantly saw a figure advancing toward her out of the shadow of the wood. Lizzie stood paralyzed, and in another moment was in the arms of Tom.

"Come into the woods, darling," he said, "I may be pursued now, and it will give me a chance to get away."

Into the woods, within sight of the house, they went, and there Tom told the story of his escape from prison, and, of course, his knowledge that he must be pursued, and that his pursuers would come there first, and yet he could not help coming there himself. He wanted to see Lizzie. He wanted to see his blind mother. He wanted to see Gustave; but the sight of a couple of flitting shadows about the house soon convinced him that he could not do the last, and so they crouched in the darkness for a while, and then Tom, from his superior knowledge of the ground, got away, and Lizzie, from the same cause, got back unseen into the house, and was there a short time afterward to receive the two detectives who were looking for Tom.

She managed to get rid of them, that was certain, no matter what her story was, and a month after she received a letter from New York. Tom had enlisted and his name was Brown. The letter was written in such a way that even if it had fell into the hands of detectives it would not have been supposed written by the escaped convict, nor could he have been traced by it.

Then another year rolled on, and another trouble came up. The mortgage became due, and there was no money to pay it, though the interest had been paid punctually. John Pierce wanted his money, or he wanted Lizzie Waldron for his wife, when he proposed to cancel the mortgage. Lizzie demurred. Anything for time, and, in the meantime, she was receiving letters from Tom with more money inclosed than it seemed right for a private to send.

Then, one day, to make a long story short, there appeared in the village two men who were looking for a farmer named Gustave Ullman, or rather for a boy he adopted fourteen years before named George Stanton. He was soon found in the person of Gustave, and informed that his father, who had chosen to abandon him when he was three years old, had done what was right on his death bed, and left him a couple of hundred thousand dollars.

A month settled it with the aid of money, though the latter could have settled it without the month. The two farms were sold, the mortgage paid, and John Pierce escaped without being kicked, and, finally, the whole party emigrated to New York, where, at the end of the war, they were joined by Colonel Brown, but how all that part was settled is too long a story to tell, just now.

Oh! I forgot to say that Gustave Ullman, alias George Stanton, married "my girl Lizzie."

The Circle of Privelege.

The qualification for admission into this great association is chiefly by consanguinity, and also, in minor degree, by affinity with noble families. From these relationships follow a recognized social claim, more or less determinate, to priority of place and position in society, to favorable consideration, to deference, to honors, and precedence of various kinds, to the entree to the most fashionable houses in London, and to a kind of fellowship which as a rule, is accorded only to patricians. The ambitious plebeian can with difficulty struggle into the charmed circle. It is no exaggeration to say that those who are not born or married into the circle of privilege are weighted in the race of life. For them there is no handicap which will thoroughly neutralize the advantage of the blue blood.

Public examinations have, doubtless, come to the assistance of the multitude standing outside of the circle of privilege, and, so far, it is well. But examinations do not touch or regulate the subsequent fortunes of competitors; and priyilege soon resumes its influence. If the bestowal of the most envied distinction is examined, it will be seen that the minister of the day, however powerful he may be, is bound to recognize the claims of the great nobles, though they may have rendered no important services to the country. The exalted order of the Garter, the Thistle, and St, Patrick are exclusively conferred upon noblemen. No English peer below the rank of an earl is thus distinguished by the Garter, and it is said that the late Lord Palmerston was the only viscount ever so decorated. In some cases ancient lineage, blue blood, and eminent services combined to obtain the much-prized ribbons. Such were the circumstances of the earl of Shaftsbury, for whom no earthly honor can be too high.

But an examination of the orders proves at once that high rank and other personal or political circumstances, and not great services rendered to the country, are the qualifications that have for the most part obtained these honors. That these great personages would deem themselves neglected and injured if the minister overlooked them, and bestowed a vacant ribbon on a man of humble position, no matter how great his scientific or literary or parliamentary service may have been, we cannot wonder. They are taught even in the nursery that they are privileged beings. They are almost worshipped by the people who are about them. The private tutors at Eaton are too apt to regard a young nobleman as a godsend. The patrician boy of noble family is humored and pleased, and so induced to praise his tutor. If he proceeds to a University he is toadied and flattered. He discovers in a thousand ways that it matters little whether he works or plays, seeing that privilege is a pleasant substitute for industry. And when he emerges into the world privilege follows him everywhere. Some noblemen pass through the fire of flattery unscathed, and place before themselves a high standard of duty and responsibility. But if the greater number are spoiled by their surroundings it is the natural result of obvious causes.

Prudence Batifol.

The city of Paris has just inherited a fortune of something like 400,000 francs, left to the town by Prudence Batifol. Off the Faubourg Montmartre there formerly existed the Passage des Deux Sœurs, and Prudence was a daughter of the janitor of this private thoroughfare. The tenants were principally working people, for which her mother made dresses at a reasonable rate, and little Prudence was early initiated into the mysteries of the maternal handicraft. She succeeded to her mother as dressmaker in ordinary to the Passage des Deux Sœurs, but her ambition was to have a handsome apartment of her own with richly furnished waiting-rooms, filled with well-dressed ladies who would accept her opinion as law in matters of fashion and style. She worked early and late, saved up all pennies, and at last the day came when she left the janitor's lodge and moved upstairs to a first floor apartment. She no longer took home the dresses which she had made, but handed them over along with a paper of pins and the bundle of cuttings to a *trottin* or errand girl, or insisted that her customers should come to be fitted in front of the classic "Psyche," which was all the mirror that the ladies of those days needed in which to study the appearance and general effect of their toilets. After a while she got married, and little by little her establishment took rank among those of the best *couturiers a facon* of Paris. It was a period before the man milliner had come into existence, and the universal practice—one which now can hardly be said to exist—was for the customers to purchase their own materials and turn them over to the dressmakers to be made up. Very few ladies of fashion nowadays do this; the *couturier* keeps everything, the materials, the trimmings, the lining, the buttons, laces, furs, flowers, not unfrequently even the underwear, and the day might not be far distant when shoes, stockings and jewelry will form a part of his stock. In the palmy days of Prudence Batifol, at each change of the seasons, the *grandes dames du monde* would make a tour of all the principal shops, picking out the silk in one, the lace, fur or flowers in another, the buttons at a third counter, and in some cases even the spool of thread to be used in stitching the dress together. When all the elements of the future costume were collected they would be turned over to Prudence, whose deft fingers would make them up into things of beauty which were displayed in the ball-rooms and at the court of the gay capital. To the last she stuck to this system, and though of late years she was unable to compete with the great dressmaking establishments which have acquired a world-wide reputation, she had already amassed a comfortable fortune. A few of her old customers remained faithful to Prudence and their early habits. Among these was the mother of the Princess de Sagan; also Mme. Thiers, who, however, finally own dresses, and Mlle. de Tiffenbach, took to cutting and making her the lady that afterwards became Mme. Emile de Girardin. In despite of her wealth Prudence always remained a simple "ouvriere," pious, econonomical and charitable. Her bequest to the city is accompanied with the condition that a portion of the interest of her money shall be used each year in alding some meritorious work-girl to set up in business for herself.

The Old Frigate "Shannon."

At the foot of West Eleventh street, New York, lies the old frigate Shannon, a crack frigate in her day, commanded by one of the best single-ship captains ever trained in the British Navy, and victor in the only sea duel where the gridiron flag went down before an equal adversary. The stout old ship is stately and distinguished-looking still, in her degradation, as a carrier of chalk from England hither, and of Standard oil from here to England. She is like a queen dethroned, and in exile is queenly to the end. With unusual consideration and reverence, the various owners of the Shannon, since she ended her last public service as an Indian transport, have made as few changes as possible, and the old hull is practically in the same condition as on that of the day in 1813 when she put her helm up and ran off under short canvass to allow the Chesapeake to close.

King of Sweden.

Of the remains of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, killed in Germany during the thirty years' war, the larger portion, including the heart, was sent home and laid in the Church at Ridderholm, while the rest was embalmed, placed in an urn, and deposited in the Cloister Church of Weissenfels. The latter edifice being now in a very decayed state, it has been determined to send the urn with its precious contents to Sweden, in order that it may be added to the rest of the heroic King's remains at Ridderholm.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.

"You are on the wrong tack," said the pilot's wife, when the hardy son of the loud-sounding sea sat down on it, and rose with the usual exclamations. "No," he replied, after a critical examination. "I am on the right tack, but shoot me if I am't on the wrong end of it."

Customs of Cochin-China.

Leaving the vast and, for all practical purposes, unexplored country of Laos out of the question, since it pays tribute to Siam, that part of the great peninsula properly termed Cochin-China is now composed of four great provinces: Tonquin, on the north, lying adjacent to China; Anam, just beyond the Makong river; Dangtrong, on the eastern coast, and the French colony, on the south.

The northern and eastern part of Cochin-China is mountainous, the western covered with dense forests, the southern an alluvial plain. The climate offers great extremes, being generally cool in the north, warm in the central portion, and very hot in the south. Typhoons sweep the coast with great force. No part is considered healthy for Europeans. In most respects the fauna and flora resemble those of Siam and Cambodia. There are no sheep or asses. The squirrels have enormous tails. Immense ranges of "bold, bad" monkeys, 3,000 strong exhaust themselves in exhausting the vegetation. The Cochin-China fowls seen there are certainly not the breed called by that name in America. There are derived directly from the jungle fowl of the country. They are not reared for food, but cock-fighting—an amusement to which the natives are passionately addicted. Rice yields crops in July and November. Flowers abound. The tea has neither the taste nor perfume of that from China. In Anjou the French have established a large botanical garden, where they have introduced, and with considerable success, many foreign plants for propagation in Cochin-China. The population cannot, of course, be accurately determined, but it is estimated now at 13,000,000.

The Anam states have recognized the supremacy of China ever since the first century of the Christian era. The name Anam signifies "southern repose," the name Tonquin "the external country." The Anamites consider the Chinese as belonging among the great ones of the earth. The former are small and wiry in structure. Both whiskers and mustaches are so attenuated as scarcely to be visible. Many of the women, however, are as white as the women in Southern Europe, but the nearer the shade of their countenance approximates that of the full moon the handsomer they are considered. It is an interesting fact that the Anamites claim to have had written characters and a literature of their own long before the conquest of their country by the Chinese. There are very few remains, however, of their popular songs. The language is grammarless, and consists mainly of monosyllables. It very frequently happens that a word will have several meaning, and that these meanings are conveyed by inflection. A great many Chinese as well as Spanish and French words have been absorbed. New ones are constantly being created by their literateurs. There are certain renowned native poems with which all the nation is familiar. An Anamite scholar has made translations into French of thirteen works—sufficient to give an idea of this unique language.

The traveler finds more civilization here than among the generality of Asiatics. There is a strange commingling of the vices and the virtues. Great hospitality, for instance, is marred by the practices of thieving and lying. The dress consists of a series of colored chemises, the number being regulated by the season. Both sexes wear trousers, sometimes silk, sometimes cotton. White is the mourning color. Men wear turbans of black crape, women of blue. Overcoats consist of palm leaves stitched together. The hat is made with a sort of brim, which throws off the rain however heavy the floods may be. Women either let their tresses fall down to their slippers, or coil them up a la chignon. Silk purses, sometimes colored and embroidered, are worn on the left shoulder, and contain betel or tobacco. With the rich these purses are borne by servants. The great staple is rice, but bacon and eggs are as much relished there as in England. So are jellies and roast game. Eggs are never eaten fresh; the worse they are the higher price they bring—especially if they contain embryo chickens. Cooks employ swallows' nests in order to "size" soup. Upon some occasions the flesh of an elephant is handed round. It is the test of good teeth and good digestion. Tea and rice beer are common beverages, but water-drinkers abound. Tiger-baiting with elephants is one of favorite amusements. In this case the tiger's mouth is sewed up, and his claws are clipped. Cock-fighting and quail-fighting contest the supremacy with chess. Small boys do not play marbles as with us, but amuse themselves with battles between grasshoppers. In fighting the heels are used to kick with.

The New Jerusalem.

The Swedenborgians have built in the University quarter of Paris, beside the Lycee Henry IV, a small temple known as the New Jerusalem. Adjoining it is a library restricted to the works of Swedenborg and the commentaries thereupon of his disciples. A lady attired in black receives visitors and keeps watch over the books. The number of Swedenborgians in France is very small, and has shown a diminution for many years. At one time all the officers of the 23d Regiment of the line became converts to Swedenborgianism.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 5, 1884.

CATTLE ON THE HIGHWAYS.

We refer to this subject for the reason that last season there was still to be encountered, here and there, cattle walking at large on the public road, contrary to law and the public good. The newspapers should, year after year, make known the law, that no one may be ignorant of it, and that they are liable to a penalty to thus make pasture-plots of the highways. Our supreme court of this state has decided that owners cannot recover damages for cattle killed on railroads; indeed, the opinion was implied that the owners ought to be held responsible for the damages sustained by a railroad company, by reason of the trespassing of such cattle on their property, and by the passengers, etc., carried upon them. The right of farmers, moreover, extend further than the mere ownership of the grass, minerals, etc., on that portion of the public road on which their property fronts. Their deeds claim the fee simple of the land to the centre of the road, and they continue to own that land, the public having only the right of way over it. Now, it has been decided by the courts in the state of New York that the legislature does not possess power to make pasture grounds of the public roads, and thus give away the property of the actual owners of the land to others, who have no claim to it whatever, and whose appropriation of it to their own use is not only a violation of the rights of the owners, but a direct obstruction to the general travel. A person traveling on a highway and meets an accident from cattle upon it, whether lying down, as they are in the habit of doing, or otherwise, the owner is liable for all damages incurred.

Whenever this question comes up before our supreme court—at it must sooner or later—there is not the least doubt as to what its decision will be. The wonder is that it has not long ago been done, and the sooner it shall be the better for the farmers of the commonwealth, who in various sections still suffer serious loss from the depredations of road cattle belonging to mean and unscrupulous neighbors obstructing the highways and breaking in upon their crops.—Germantown *Telegraph*.

"ACTED LIKE A CHARM."

This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Barronne street, New Orleanes, says of Brown's Iron Bitters. A "charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dyspepsia and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a complete cure for dyspepsia, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.

THE MILLIONS MR. VANDERBILT HAS LOST.

(W. A. Croffut in New York World.)

They say Vanderbilt has lost $60,000,000—$65,000,000, I heard in Wall street. Well, "he hasn't squealed," as he proudly said about his favorite son. Let's see if he has lost so much. There are about 900,000 shares in the New York Central. Of these Vanderbilt owned about 350,000. At one time these sold readily at $150; now they go at $90. The difference between $150 and $90 is $60—a loss of $60 a share for 350,000 shares is a total loss of $21,000,000 in New York Central alone. Lake Shore has 500,000 shares; of this Vanderbilt owned 200,000. In 1881 this was at $135; now it is at $65—loss per share, $70—a total loss on 200,000 shares, $14,000,000. This added to the loss on the Central, aggregates $35,000,000 on these two roads alone. From this is to be deducted something for stock sold while it was falling, perhaps, $5,000,000. But then we must add a good deal on account of his well meant and desperate but futile attempts of Mr. Vanderbilt to keep the stocks up. When Central was at $125, he would put a few millions in and buy, and this would send it up to $135 for a week, during which he would buy again heavily, and then the whole would slump to $110. These bull tactics repeated over and over every fall, have resulted in enormous losses, which must be added to the $35,000,000 above mentioned. But these losses prove the sincerity of Mr. Vanderbilt. A year ago his predictions of good times were thought to be dishonest to cover intended sales; but the result shows that he believed what he said, and acted boldly on his belief. He did his best to steam the tide, but it proves to be a flood.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER.

"In the winter of 1877-8, I was confined to the house 3 or 4 months and to the bed 4 weeks with rheumatism. I could get no relief. I began using Henry and Johnsons' Arnica & Oil Liniment, and in ten days by the use of half a bottle I was cured.

NATHAN JEWETT, East Haddam, Ct."

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure all diseases arising from biliousness. N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir cures coughs, colds and consumption. nov

THE TERRIBLE TYPHOON.

Frightful Loss of Life and Ddestruction of Property in Japan.

San Francisco, Oct. 28.—The steamer from Japan brings further details of the typhoon at Yokohama and Tokio on September 15th. The storm came up so rapidly and with such tremendous fury that no precautions could be taken. In Yokohama the entire lower part of the town was completely wrecked. Not a house was left standing. The newspapers give no particulars, simply saying that the town was wiped out, and it is therefore useless to publish details. In another part of the town 128 houses were destroyed and 390 damaged, the most substantial structures being swept away as if built of pasteboard. At sea fifty-three out of eighty sailing vessels were lost, with 223 passengers. Twelve vessels, with 120 persons, are still missing. Of five life boats going to succor drowning crews, four were swamped and ten men of their crews drowned.

My physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomiting greenish mucous, skin yellow, small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 372, Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ebony and mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 65c—Bee Hive.

GERMAN SERVANTS.

In their own country they are admirable, clean, obliging, and wonderfully hard working, but they lack the finish of good English servants. One great merit they certainly possess—though orderly in their work, yet if the daily routine is interrupted they are not utterly upset and demoralized. Our servant kept eight rooms clean, and very clean, never a speck of dust to be seen, cooked for herself and the landlady, fetched our dinner from the restaurant, carried up to our *etage* (the second) all the wood and water that was required, scrubbed the stairs and passage every week, and yet was always ready to run a message or post a letter, and, dressed in her best, frequently went with me to the evening concert, and came back to fetch me at 10 o'clock. She was never in bed till 11, and was at work by 6, neat and smiling, with no shade of the weary, jaded look so sad to see in an English "slavery." It is a mistake to suppose that wages are very low in Germany; £20 is a very usual sum for a cook, and one servant we had in our lodging when she married had £40 in the savings bank. The economy in a German household is that the servants live very plainly, and one does the work that with us would be divided between two or three. The feeling of attachment and interest in "the honor of the family," so observable in Scotch servants, is very general, and without undue familiarity German servants are allowed to share in the joys and sorrows of their employers. The men servants are strikingly free from the insolent swagger of "Jeames," and show the same simplicity of nature as their masters. I remember a trifling incident which greatly amused me. When I was going to an audience at a royal Schloss, as I got out of the carriage a bow of my sash caught in the door and was torn off. "Oh, what a pity, Gnadiges Fraulein!" exclaimed one of the flunkies who was assisting me. "Never mind, I can pin it on!" and producing a pin, he carried out his promise with a neathandedness worthy of an old soldier, which no doubt he was.

THE DIET OF A MONKEY.

Dr. Allison, a London physician, has been making experiments on a monkey. He says: "Some time ago I bought a rhesis monkey, intending to study his habits. He is about eighteen inches high, and tame. I feed him with the same food I take myself. He likes fruits best of all; raw grains and cooked vegetables and potatoes next. He prefers his potatoes without salt, and his rice without sugar. Peas and beans he will not eat unless very hungry. He always eats with his hands, the same as the Turks, and, as he does not wash them beforehand, he swallows much dirt. When I give him hot food he has to wait until it cools before he can eat it, or before he dare thrust his hands into it. I tried his plan a few times with my porridge and stews, and had to wait before I dare finger them. I thought that if mankind were forced, like my monkey, to eat with their fingers, that we should not damage our teeth and stomaches with hot foods, nor should we indulge in soups. Soups are very good for exhausted people, but not so good for persons in health, as they are not as easily digested as more solid articles; in fact, the superfluous fluid they contain must be absorbed before digestion goes on. Every food I offered him was first of all smelt of, and then, if the smell was agreeable, he ate it; if otherwise, he threw it down. If mankind would always be guided by the sense of smell we should eat less rotten cheese, high game, etc., than we do, and consume more delicious fruits, whose aroma naturally attracts us. He is also a nose breather, and I never saw him breathe once through his mouth—another good example which mankind might follow with benefit, as we naturally are nose-breathers."

THE WORSHIP OF GOLD.

The worship of gold can be shown to have descended to us from sun worship, which, in some form or other, has been almost universal. In plain words, men took to collecting gold and making gold trinkets, charms, and amulets, because gold was of the same color, and possibly of the same divine material, as the sun. The sacredness of gold seems indicated by Pindar, who, invoking Theia, the mythical mother of the sun god, exclaims, "Through thee it is that mortals esteem mighty gold above all things else!" Originating thus in the most absurd superstition, the supposed likeness of the yellow metal to the color of the sun god's face, the value of gold has prevailed over the world for so many ages that it has become a hereditary passion; and because of the value thus set on it, and for no other reason, gold has long been the highest metallic medium of exchange. Mr. Robert Brown, F. S. A., in his learned and interesting treatise, "The Myth of Kirke," remarks: "The links between gold and solar divinities are endless, and the circumstance supplied a natural basis for the commercial value of the metal." Elsewere the same writer observes: "The bright solar divinities are, of course, rich in gold, a metal originally owing its importance to its yellow (sun) color, which made it at once semi-sacred and symbolic long ere it received an artificial commercial value

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans, newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.

THE MODEL STORY.

A very singular story which forms one of the sensational topics of the day is the best authenticated of the many stories of the supernatural that have been lately told. Only a short time ago a young and well-known artist, Mr. A., was invited to pay a visit to his distinguished friend, Mr. Izzard. The house was filled with guests, but a large and handsome room was placed at his disposal, apparently one of the best in the house. For three days he had a delightful visit; delightful in all particulars save one—he had each night a horrible dream.

He dreamed he was—or was really—suddenly awakened by some person entering his room, and in looking around, saw the room brilliantly lighted, while at the window stood a lady elegantly attired, in the act of throwing something out. This accomplished, she turned her face toward the only spectator, showing a countenance so distorted by evil passions that he was thrilled with horror. Soon the light and the figure with the dreadful face disappeared, leaving the artist suffering from a frightful nightmare.

On returning to his city home he was so haunted by the fearful countenance which had for three consecutive nights troubled him, that he made a sketch of it, and so real that the evil expression seemed to horrify every one who saw it.

Not a great while after the artist went to make an evening visit on Mr. Izzard; that gentleman invited him to his picture-gallery, as he wished to show him some remarkable old family portraits. What was Mr. A.'s surprise to recognize among them, in the likeness of a stately, well-dressed lady, the one who had so troubled his slumbers on his previous visit, lacking, however, the revolting, wicked expression. Soon as he saw it he involuntarily exclaimed:

"Why, I have seen that lady!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. I., smiling, "that is hardly possible, as she died more than a hundred years ago. She was the second wife of my great-grandfather, and reflected anything but credit on the family. She was strongly suspected of having murdered her husband's son by a former marriage, in order to make her own child heir to the property. The unfortunate boy broke his neck in a fall from a window, and there was every reason to believe that he was precipitated from the window by his stepmother."

The artist then told his host the circumstances of his thrice-repeated experience, or dream, and sent for his sketch, which, so far as the features were concerned, was identical with the portrait in Mr. Izzard's gallery. The sketch has since been photograped, but from its hideous expression is far from pleasant to look upon.

THE HORSESHOE SUPERSTITION.

The origin of the horseshoe superstition has never been satisfactorily explained. Among the theories offered, that contained in the following, is among the possibilities: The horseshoe of old was held to be of special service as a security against the attacks of evil Spirits. The virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from it being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the Evil One; or from the rude resemblance which the horseshoe bears to the rays of glory, which, in ancient pictures, were made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notion of its purity, acquired through passing through the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriery did not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire, of the shoe which the animal wore, had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly the horse was into the smithy, the door was closed and barred, the shoes were taken off and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

Sailors are, for the most part, careful to have a horseshoe nailed to the mizzen-mast, or somewhere on the deck near midships, for the protection of the vessel. The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horseshoe, which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of the superstition long prevalent among ourselves.

THE FIRST SAW-MILLS.

The old practice of making boards was to split up the logs with wedges, and, inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy mattar to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century, but so late as 1655, an English embassador, having seen a saw-mill in France thought it a novelty which deserved particular description. It is amusing to note how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new fangled machine was so violent that the proprietor was forced to decamp with greater expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for many years, or rather generations.

For colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis and sore throat use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and get the genuine.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 20 a m
"	"	Montandon		5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo		9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie		6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		10 39 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon		1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo		5 05 p m
"	"	Kane		9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at				5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon		5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 15 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 50 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane		6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo		10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 55 p m
"	"	Montandon		1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie		1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo		10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport		1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon		2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		7 50 a m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo		3 40 p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 00 p m
"	"	Montandon		7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passgr' Agent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 3d, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Old Fort	10.27				
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.10 arive				

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Old Fort					1.39
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

New Arrival of Goods AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS

NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HARDWARE.

OILS AND PAINTS,

GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,

GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH

SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,

EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Whitmer & Lincoln

HAVING LEASED THE GRAIN-HOUSE OF SMITH & CO., at

COBURN, PENN'A,

FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR

WHEAT. WHEAT, WHEAT,

RYE, RYE, RYE,

BARLEY and CORN, &c.

COAL, SALT & FERTILIZER

For Sale

Coburn, Pa, August 1, '84. 6aug3m

MURRAY'S

CARRIAG WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a, Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES,

—PHAETONS,

—SPRING WAGONS,

—&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19dec4 LEVI MURRAY.

THE OLD STAND!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Cloths and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.

WM. WOLF & SON.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.

TWO 25 " "

ONE 18 " "

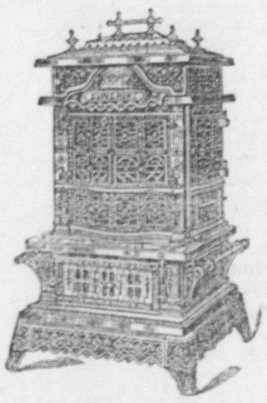
THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS.

23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

Centre Hall

STOVE EMPORIUM



J. A. REESMAN

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF STOVES IN THE COUNTY.

Nickel Plated and Plain,

Ranges,

Coal Stoves,

Heaters,

AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY, AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH

The Cheapest Stoves

IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF octtf

HARDWARE.

HARDWARE.

HARDWARE

—to—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCK SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

STEWART'S

IRON-FIBER

PAINT and CEMENT.

—COLORS RED AND BROWN,—

All Ready for Use.

For painting BUILDINGS, FENCES, BRIDGES, ROOFS, &c., and for repairing and preserving ROOFS of all kinds. Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to

W. H. STEWART,

3sep3m 74 Courtland St., N. Y.

WANTED! Energetic, reliable man to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES and expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men. Address, Le CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.

Consult Dr. BUTTS

Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Generation, Syphilis and Venereal Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.

Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central med. & Surg. Institute, 220 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 20 Years.

Cards—Attorneys

J. H. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. nov28

JOHN BLAIR LYON
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER, C. P. HEWES
SPANGLER & HEWES,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A.
Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower.
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN KLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA
Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14mar

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial
26june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 6jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE.
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.
Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.
TERMS REASONABLE.
J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA
may1

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,
Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,
Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, President. W. R. MINGLE, Cashier.

BOND VALENTINE,
Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission. Insures First-class Life Companies,
" " Life and Accident Companies.
" " Fire Companies.
German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, —— DRUGS
CHEMICALS!
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, 11jun tf Druggist.

DO YOU KNOW THAT
—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—
PLUG TOBACCO
with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing Navy Cuttings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 6aug y.

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.

Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
Examination for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal.

For Catalogues, or other information, address
GEO. W. ATHERTON, President,
1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., Pa

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariabiy arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

FOR
HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE NERVOUS AND
LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pad girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous current., without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without dragging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.
AMERICAN GALVANIC CO.,
1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.
Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING
NEW HOME
Sewing Machine

Simple, Strong, Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
28jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

CURIOUS NOTIONS.

By the Hurons the moon is called the creator of the earth and the grandmother of the sun. In the myths of Ottawas it is an old woman with a pleasant white face—the sister of the day star. The Chiquitos call the moon their mother, and the Navajos make it a rider on a mule.

Where the planets are worshipped, preference in honors is generally accorded to the brighter and more conspicuous star of the day. But the Botucudos of Brazil give the higher place to the moon and derive most of the phenomena of nature from it, and in Central America and Hayti are also people who hold the moon in no less honor.

Curiously these people find their counterparts among tribes of Western, Southern and Central Africa, who rejoice with dancing and feasts at each appearance of the new moon, and expect an improvement of their condition from its beneficent influence, and they are not so far removed from the superstitious women of civilized Europe and America who wait for the increase of the moon to change their dwelling, to cut their hair, to be married, and to baptize their children.

A belief existed among the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, the Natchez of the Mississippi, and the Apalachians of Florida, that the sun was the radiant abode of dead chiefs and braves.

To the Esquimaux of Labrador belongs the honor of having discovered that the moon was the paradise for the good, while the wicked were consigned to a hole in the earth; although some of the South American Indians and the Polynesians of Tokelau may be nearly abreast of them in the competition.

THE AIR STATESMEN BREATHE.

In the base of the Capitol at Washington is the enginery by which the House, the Senate and the committee rooms are warmed and ventilated, and the gas lighted by electricity. It is altogether a big apparatus, consisting of three immense fans, four engines and eight boilers, with the necessary appliance for regulating the temperature and moisture of the air supplied to the nation's legislators. The instrument which tells whether the air is too moist or too dry is operated by single human hair. A perfectly dry air is put at 0; saturated air, that is air carrying all the moisture it will hold, is put at 100.

A dial with a hand like that of a clock represents the different degrees from 0 to 100. The human hair absorbs moisture like a rope, and like a rope it becomes shorter when wet. The difference in length between a hair six inches long when wet and the same hair when dry is made to represent the hundred degrees of moisure on the dial, and the hand or pointer moves backward or forward as the moisure in the air varies. If it becomes too dry, more steam is thrown in; if too moist, less steam is allowed to escape, and thus the atmosphere for the nations's statesmen in regulated and kept at the healthful point, which is about 50 degrees.

ARCHERY IN HISTORY.

Archery may be said never to have entirely gone out of fashion, even after the introduction of "villainous saltpetre" and the musket. Edward VI. was fond of the bow, and Charles I. not only practiced it, but encouraged its use among his subjects. Charles II. and his Queen patronized tournaments of archers, and as late as 1682 a thousand bowmen competed at a grand *fete* given by the London Artillery Company. In Cromwell's time, the weapon was not entirely banished from the army, and Charles II. had his Keeper of the Bows. At Chester, on Shrove Tuesday and Easter Monday, the Archers shot for prizes provided by the bridegrooms of the past year; and at Harrow, we believe, is still preserved the silver arrow for which, up to the year 1771, the boys shot annually on the 4th of August, a day associated in the minds of their successors with oratorical displays. Nor must it be forgotten that the Queen's Body Guard in Scotland are the Royal Archers, who have always numbered in their ranks the pick of the Scottish aristocracy and citizens of Edinburgh.

GO IN FOR LITERATURE.

The most popular novelist alive does not realize per annum what is every year pocketed by a second-rate barrister or a physician in moderate practice. His term of prosperity is also shorter, for the gift of imagination fails us long before those talents which are sufficient for ordinary intellectual toil. And yet nothing is more common than to hear otherwise sensible people talk of the large incomes made by popular writers. Trollope and Scott were exceptionally quick workers, but there are few men who can write a three-volume novel worth reading under nine months; in the same time a popular printer can produce at least pictures, for each of which he gets as large a sum as the popular writer for his entire book. Nor does his work take out of the artist as it does out of the author. Indeed, if a man looks for wealth, the profession of literature is the very last I would recommend him to embrace.—*Thomas Payn, in the Cornhill Magazine.*

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CUSTOM.

In early New England days, as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century, when hospitality was a practice as well as a virtue, there was in most houses only one large assembly room, and there the family and all the guests and chance callers gathered on Winter nights about the blazing fire of logs. We know that youth was youth and love was love, and young men were timid and maidens were shy, and courtship went on in those days. How was courtship possible in this common room, where every word was heard and every look taken notice of? We read in the admirable volume on the recent centennial of Long Meadow, Mass., by Professor Richard S. Storrs of that town, that in the Winter evenings, for the convenience of young lovers, since there was no "next room," courting sticks were used—that is, long wooden tubes that could convey from lip to ear sweet and secret whispers. Was this an invention peculiar to Long Meadow? It is a charming picture that this calls up of life in a Puritan household, this tubular love-making, the pretty girl (nearly every girl is pretty in the fire-light of long ago) seated in one stiff high-backed chair, and the staid but blushing lover in another, handling the courting-stick, itself an open confession of complacence, if not of true love. Would the young man dare to say, "I love you," through a tube, and would he feel encouraged by laughing tender eyes of the girl when she replied, through the same passage, "Do tell?" Did they have two sticks, so that one end could be at the ear and the end of the other at the mouth all the while? How convenient, when the young man got more ardent than was seemly, as the flip went around, for the girl to put her thumb over the end of the tube, and stop the flow of soul! Did the young man bring his stick, and so announce his intention, or did the young lady always keep one or a pair on hand, and so reveal both willingness and expectation? It was so much more convenient than the telephone, with its "hello" and procclamation to all listeners at each end of the line. Lovers can make love with anything, even with a telephone; the successful courting of a deaf person (for there is one word that nearly everybody likes to hear), as we know, can go on through a speaking-trumpet; but these courting-sticks seem to us the *ne plus ultra* of tender communication—when a third party is present. They would be very useful now at large parties, where there is such a din and bable that one can only court a pretty girl at the risk of bronchitis or laryngitis. Sometimes in the jam you cannot get near the girl, but with a long courting-stick you could wile her away from from her too near admirer. This invention seems to us worthy of revival for many reasons, and we should be glad of any further information in regard to it. Civilization in its progress drops a good many things that ought to be retained.

WOUNDS OF GENERALS IN ACTION.

A curious article might be written on the immunity from wounds in action of some generals, and the ill-fortune of others in becoming the billet for a bullet. No commander was ever more forward in the fighting line than Sheridan, yet he never got a scratch. Skobeleff, who many a time went at it with his own good sword, and in his white coat and on his white charger headed every charge with a recklessness that men called madness, had as complete an immunity as if he carried the charmed life that his soldiers ascribed, and was wounded only in the quiet trenches by a chance bullet fired into the air a mile away. Wellington was but once hit; the bullet that carried away his boot-heel scarce gave him a contusion. Grant was never struck: no more was Napoleon.

Of Sir Neville Chamberlain, again, one of the most distinguished officers of the Indian army, the saying goes that he never went into action without receiving a wound, and the gallant old man has been fighting pretty steadily ever since the first Afghan war. Bazaine was a man to whom fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. At Borny there came to him the leaden reminder that he was mortal, though this time it was but a gentle hint. The fragment of a shell hit him on the left shoulder, but it had been well spent, and because of the protection of the epaulette gave him but a contusion, for which he had pain for several days, especially when on horseback.

THE BLUE CAT.

The "blue cat" is the salmon of the West, the brook trout of the Missouri. Twenty odd years ago there was a period of wild excitement in San Francisco. Tall, muscular men met each other and spoke in hushed tones of intense excitement. Everybody knew that something of grave importance was about to transpire, but only a favored fifty or so were aware that a "blue cat" had been shipped overland, carefully kept in ice the entire journey, and that the sacred fish was to be served up to all loyal Missourians that day. The "cat" weighed about twenty-five pounds and it cost in the neighborhood of $150 to place it on the table in San Francisco. There were men who would have given that entire amount to secure a morsel of it, who had to revel in "blue cat" imagination that sorrowful day.

Horse blankets, plush and fur lap robes, largest stock and lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

SCOTT LAW VOID.

Declared Unconstitutional by the Ohio Supreme Court.

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 28.—The Ohio Supreme Court to-day rendered a decision declaring the famous Scott law unconstitutional. This law, passed by the last General Assembly, imposed a tax of $200 per annum upon the sale of vinous and $100 upon the sale of malt liquors. The long agitation for the repeal or modification of this law during the session of the present Assembly last winter will be well remembered. The result of that agitation was to leave the law precisely as it was originally passed, except the repeal of the local option clause and the alteration of the time of payment, so that the liquor tax could be paid semi-annual the same as other taxes.

The law came before the court on a petition in mandamus to compel the Treasurer of Miami county to receive the liquor assessment of George W. Conroy, which he refused to do on the ground that the law was unconstitutional; also in several cases from Franklin, Cuyahoga and Hamilton counties, appeals from the District Court, which had decided the tax collectible. Judge O'Key announced the decision, Judges Owen and Follett concurring, Chief Justice Johnson and Judge McElvaine dissenting.

The "U. S. Dispensatory and the "Science of Chemistry" justify the assertion that for tonic, diaphoretic and expectorant properties, no combination of remedies can be devised to equal in power and efficacy Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine. It is a safe and reliable stand-by in cases of croup and whooping cough.

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
5no2 Philadelphia Agents

A sign in Cleveland reads, "Ice Kream Saliune," which is probably the worst cold spell of the season; but for the worst spell of cold Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is the best cure you will be able to find. 5n2

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness, disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet free. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23apr3m

GOOD WEEKLY PAPER FREE.
We will send the Chicago Weekly News, one year, to any one sending us the names of three new subscribers to the CENTRE REPORTER, and the new names 2 months (14 numbers). This is a liberal offer, for the paper is worth the money. Any one can easily get up a club under the above inducements and be well remunerated for his trouble. Two half-yearly subscriptions will answer for one, and specimen numbers for 3.

Business Education is the most profitable, because it is the most useful. Our aim is to practically train young men for the actual requirements of this commercial age. Individual instruction. No vacation. Students can enter at any time. For circulars, address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.

Gyllis Mercantile College

J. D. LONG, J. D. LONG,
AT
Spring Mills,
HAS JUST OPENED
A Complete Stock of
DRY GOODS, ... DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
Groceries,
COFFEES ..... SUGARS ..... TEAS
....FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, ...
.....SEGARS AND.....
EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
.....ALL NEW GOODS.....
He offers bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
All kinds of produce taken, and Highest Market Prices paid.
Highest price paid for all kinds of GRAIN.
COAL on hand always. 15oct3m

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,
SPRING MILLS, PA
Dealer in
STOVES, TINWARE &
PATENT IRON ROOFING
Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.
Everything in the line of
COOKING STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
& RANGES
PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!
TINWARE
of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

J. H. BYRNES,
FINEST AND BEST.
EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.
MANUFACTURED BY

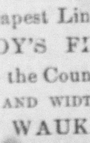
SIAMANG KID SHOES,
THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of
MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES
in the County.
ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE
ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST
..... SHOES, ...
the Most Comfortable Shoe Made.
Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.
un4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

COLEMAN'S
Business
COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.
30julyly

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
PROF. HARRIS' Pastille
A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.
Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.
Free TRIAL PACKAGE.
SEND ADDRESS
HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g Chemists.
306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7.



NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, as free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lay in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The pallid become cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL
Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.
Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.
RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.
Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and uretha, strangury, gravel, gleet, gbonorrhœa, leucorrhœa or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY,
3sep4mos 64 Courtland St., New York

Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland Maine. 1y

$66 a week at home. $5 outfits free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which person, of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cts for postage, and we will mail you free a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures. Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 250 PP. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts. paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 144 p 15c. sent sealed, money or stps, by DR. WHITTIER 202 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist. Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT
FOR MAN AND BEAST.
THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRAMPS,
Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
It is a *safe, sure,* and *effectual* Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on
HORSES.
One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases
INSTANTANEOUS.
Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions for the treatment of above diseases. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.
Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.
For sale at Murray's Drug store.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.
We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¼-inch arbor, 2 changes feed; sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engines on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.
H. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 360 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
Elmira, N. Y. P. O. Box 1497.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

AUNT ABBY'S LITTLE ROMANCE.

In hunting up my friends at Wellsmarch, I had occasion to inquire my way of an old woman digging potatoes in a weedy little patch by the roadside. She looked up as I spoke, and leaned on her hoe, tall and gaunt and somewhat grim, but with a singularly lucid and kindly expression in her large gray eyes. She was coarsely clad, her thin, gray hair, cut short, was covered by a man's straw hat, and she had the muscular brown hands of a man. Yet, when she paused in her potato digging to answer my questions, it was with an air of quiet intelligence and a simple grace of utterance hardly to have been expected from one of her sex engaged so coarse an occupation.

Having spoken, she stooped to pick up and put into a peck basket the potatoes her hoe had uncovered, and I rode on, but could not forbear looking back and watching her as she rose up with her light burden and walked away, across the weedy patch, towards the door of a lonely little house near by. The sun had gone down, heavy shadows fell across the fields from wooded hills beyond, the night crickets had struck up their melancholy notes, and in the aspect of the woman entering her solitary door, at that hour, there was something so sad that it made my heart ache.

The picture haunted me, and on reaching my friend's house I spoke of it. "I was directed," I said "by the loneliest old creature, working in the loneliest potato patch, and living in the loneliest little old house I ever saw!"

"Ah," said my host with a look of interest, "you have seen Aunt Abby! She is quite an extraordinary character; and, little as you would think it, to see her digging potato's for to-morrow's breakfast, she is a real heroine—the heroine of a genuine romance."

He told me something of her story, which excited still further my curiosity and sympathy, and I expressed a desire to make her acquaintance. That could be easily managed, he said; and, driving me about the country the next day, he took me to her house.

We found her trimming a bed of old fashioned flowers at her door; and as he drew up to the gate and spoke to her she came towards us with a sprig of mignonette in her coarse brown hand.

"Aunt Abby," said my companion, "here's a friend of mine I want you to know." And he proceeded to introduce me in a way which the most modest authors of books get accustomed to and learn to endure without blushing.

"I have heard of you," she said, giving my hand a cordial grasp, and looking into my eyes with an earnest, almost ardent, expression. "Come in, won't you? It's a long time"—turning to my friend—"since you have made me a call."

He excused himself, but said that I could go in if I chose, and wait till he returned for me, after transacting a little business which he had in view. The arrangement suited me admirably, and as she repeated her invitation I alighted and entered the gate.

"I hear that you live quite alone here," I remarked, as she preceded me along the narrow grassy path towards the door.

"Alone? Dear me, no!" she replied cheerfully, turning to face me in the midst of her little flower garden. "Here are some of my companions," and she pointed out the pinks and pansies and phlox and hollyhocks, which grew in an almost wild state, along with fennel and caraway and sage, in the tangle but well-weeded beds. "But I have other and better companions than these. With flowers and sunshine and grass and trees and books, and one's own thoughts, how can a body be alone?"

"I quoted Emerson's saying: "If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars."

"Why, bless the good man!" she said, "when I look at the stars I am sometimes least alone! It seems as if they brought the hosts of Heaven near to me. But come in, come in."

She ushered me into a very plain but neat little sitting-room, with a rag carpet (probably of her own braiding) on the floor, a few books on hanging shelves, and on the walls some cheap prints which I fear would have made the apostle of modern culture smile.

"Here are more of my companions, and some of the best," she said, handing me a scrap-book from the little side table, after giving me a seat in her cushioned arm chair. "Some of them you know," she added, with a smile which lighted up her brown features with beautiful benignity.

It could have hardly been by accident that she let the pages fall open in my hands at a place where my eye fell upon a little scrap of verses which I knew indeed.

"I don't know how to compliment an author," she said, seating herself on a chintz covered longue before me, "but I am glad of an opportunity to tell you that that poem has been a great comfort to me, a very great comfort. I cut it from a newspaper a few years ago, and I have read it over and over again until I know it by heart. I love to repeat it to myself when I am lying awake nights and listening to the rain on the roof."

Her eyes glistened as she spoke. I was deeply touched; the thought of having written a few words which had afforded solace to this lonely creature made me humbly grateful. My vanity was not in the least moved, and I can relate the circumstance without vanity now; for, alas, my little piece was pasted on a page with others which she seemed to regard as equally precious, although they were not literature, any more than the sentimental prints on the wall were art. It was evident that she viewed poems and pictures, not with a cultivated or critical eye, but wholly from a spiritual and sympathetic attitude of mind; prizing what appealed to her emotional and especially to her religious nature, without being much disturbed by weak lines, bad rhymes and other imperfections. How some of my æsthetic friends would have scorned to see their verses included in such a scrap-book! But after all, there is something in life better than culture and I would not for anything have said a word to lessen the satisfaction old Aunt Abby found in the feeblest of that trash.

My own little piece had given me a key to her heart, and I soon found it easy to lead her to speak of her early life.

"I have heard something of you history," I said, and it makes me wonder if you have never regretted the very great sacrifices you once made."

Her large, gray eyes beamed upon me mistily. "I have asked myself the same question many times. For it was a sacrifice!" she said, trembling. "But the answer deep down in my heart is always no. We must live according to our light. I lived according to mine. I could not do differently then; I couldn't do differently now, if the thing was to do over."

"I hear that he was, in many respects, a worthy man," I said, "to lead her on. And tell me frankly, Aunt Abby, were you not very strongly attached to each other?"

"There was only one thing in heaven and earth that I loved better than I loved Aaron Deems," she answered, with emotion. "But there were other things that he loved better than he loved me. Too many! too many!"

"What were they?" I asked.

"His ease and his pride and his worldly possessions. Yet, as you say, he was a worthy man. Few people blamed him, but a great many blamed me. That was what made it so hard for me to do as I did. My friends called me foolish and overscrupulous; while he acted as so many other men would have acted in his place."

She wiped her eyes and resumed, in answer to my questions: "We were engaged, and were to be married in a few weeks, and I believe there never was a young couple with happier prospects, until he came to me one evening and told me of an exciting event. He had a rich uncle who was known to have acquired much of his property dishonestly; he had died suddenly, leaving everything to Aaron, and Aaron seemed quite set up by his good fortune.

"'But, Aaron' I said, 'how can it be a good fortune to you, since it is a bad fortune, got in a bad way, as I have heard you say yourself? All that property, or at least a large part of it, belongs to the family of his dead partner; the widow and children he defrauded, after he got the business into his hands.'

"'I don't know how much there is in all that,' said Aaron. 'Stories get exaggerated, and uncle had his enemies.'

"'But you were not his enemy,' I said; 'and I have had the story from your own lips. You always condemned that transaction; and I never heard you speak of him with any respect. I hope,' said I, 'you are not going to let the fact that he has made you his heir change your ideas of right and wrong.'

"He laughed in a way I couldn't like. 'I have no idea on the subject,' he said. 'All I know is, the property is mine now.'

"'But you can't take it and enjoy it,' I said."

"'Why not?' was his answer, in a tone that astonished and grieved me. 'I never heard that my uncle did anything illegal; the property is lawfully mine.'

"'Why, Aaron!' I remonstrated, 'I have heard you say yourself that he was shrewd enough to keep clear of the law, but does that make his wickedness any less wicked? And what if the property is lawfully yours, if it is not yours by absolute right, can you accept it?'

"What I said disturbed him; and I could see that a dark shadow was coming between us—the first that had ever crossed our path. He argued that it wasn't for us to inquire too closely into his moral right to the property, since nobody could say that his hands had been stained in the getting of it; while I maintained that it was his duty to find out just how far the widow and orphans had been wronged, and make restitution out of his uncle's wealth.

"'Good heavens! Abby,' said he, according to what folks say, it would take the bulk of the estate.'

"'Let it take the bulk of it,' I said; let it take every cent! You don't want a dollar of money, no matter how you come by it, that belongs to anybody else.'

"'No,' he said, 'if it's a claim anybody can prove; but I guess if every one was to be as particular as to the way their estate, real and personal, was come by, from generation to generation, few would keep what they've got very long. I honor your principles, Abby; but, don't you see, carried out as you would have them, they are utterly absurd?'

"'I don't see it;' I replied. 'On the contrary, I believe there is a rule of absolute right, and we ought to live by it.'

So we argued until he grew very much irritated and got up to go.

"'I don't see the thing as you do,' he said, 'and can't.'"

"'I am sorry,' I said, 'for it is very plain to me. If you can take and enjoy property that you know belongs to others, you can do what I never can! never, Aaron Deems!'

He stood before me, looking pale and troubled. 'Can't you look at it as I do—not even for my sake?' he asked.

"'Not even for your sake, Aaron!' I said, though my heart was ready to break. 'But don't let us talk of it any more to-night; I am sure you will think as I do when you have had time to reflect.

"'I hope—I am sure—we shall come to think alike in so important a matter, he said; 'for I couldn't bear to be separated from you, Abby!'

"'Oh, we can't be separated, Aaron,' I said, and clung to him with all my heart. But there was a coldness in his good-bye, and I felt that awful shadow between us after he was gone. I couldn't endure that the man I loved should take such views of right and wrong, even for a moment.

Well, we had may talks on the subject after that; and the more we talked the colder and heavier the shadow grew. He couldn't give up any part of what was left him by his uncle; no, not even for me. And I couldn't give up the light I walked by; no, not even for him! I couldn't prevent his accepting the fruits of his uncle's dishonesty; and if I married him I would be a partaker in the wrong. So it came to this.

"'Aaron, I said to him one night, 'if you are determined, then we must part. I can't share in any advantage obtained through your uncle's wrong-doing; as I should have to, by becoming your wife.'

"'Then you don't love me,' he said, and pleaded with me to take back those hard words.

"'Aaron,' I said, 'I would take them back if I could, for I feel that I am giving up all the world when I give you up. But I can not give up the spirit of righteousness in my own soul. Compared with that, O, Aaron,' I said, 'how little seems that which I asked *you* to give up, not for me only, but for your own conscience and life.'

"He was all of a tremble as he took my hand. 'Abby,' said he, 'you are the noblest girl I ever saw, and I don't know but you are right. All I know is, I am not up to the sacrifice that seems so easy to you. So I suppose we must part.'

"And so we parted. I never," Aunt Abby went on, "never can forget the night that followed! I was torn with anguish; I was tempted terribly. It seemed to me that I was giving up all that was worth living for, I was young and not bad looking, fond of society and all beautiful things. I knew the value of money; I, too, would have been pleased with a life of ease and enjoyment. But all that was nothing to my attachment to him. How *could* I give *him* up?

"'Why should you?' something whispered. 'Why can't you do what almost any body else would in your place, without any such silly scruples? You can do good with the money, and so atone for any sin there may be in accepting it. Don't throw away your happiness for an idea.'

"On the other hand, a clear, deep voice said: 'Walk by the light that is given you.'

"Why am I telling you all this?" she suddenly interrupted herself. "Ah, sir, how you have brought the past back to me by a little sympathy! All this happened thirty-six years ago, but it seems like yesterday. How well I remember the morning when Aaron brought his bride into church—the bride who had taken my place! The sight would have killed me, if all my pride and selfishness had not been dead already.

"I had other offers after that, but none I could accept. Folks called me notional. May be I was. All I can say is, I walked by the light that was given me. That led me more and more out of the world and its ways, until twenty years ago, I settled down in this little house that appears to you so lonely. Here I have lived ever since, except for a few weeks every winter, when I visit friends who would gladly keep me with them all the time. But, strange as it may seem, I am never so happy as when I come back here to my hermitage—to my birds and flowers and books, and my own thoughts.

Aaron? Oh, yes, he lived and was prospered in a sense. He had a handsome and fashionable wife, and he grew richer still by some transactions which some said were too much like his uncle's. But I don't condemn him. He may have walked by his light, as I walked by mine. I only know our walks did not lie together.

And have I never regretted the sacrifice I made? Sometimes when I have looked upon myself, living alone in poverty, with these hands hardened by toil, and without the daily affection which the heart craves, I have wondered and said to myself: 'Abby, is it all a dream? Wouldn't that other life have been better for you?' But something says: 'No; you couldn't have chosen differently.' Every life has its sorrows and heart aches; but there is no loneliness like that of a soul that has lost its rectitude, and grieved away the Spirit.

"On the whole," she added, cheerfully, "I am very well off here. Notional as folks think me, my neighbors are very kind; they come and see me, and lend me books; every winter they bring me fire-wood, and every spring they plant my little patch to corn and beans and potatoes. Oh! she exclaimed, grasping my hand, as I rose to take leave of her, seeing my friend drive up at the gate, "I sometimes think there isn't another woman in all the world so blessed as I!"

As I rode away with my friend I once more looked back at the little house, which did not seem so lonesome to me now, as I thought of it peopled with high and holy thoughts, and filled with the presence of that heroic woman, to whom a great light had been given, with courage and strength to live by that light.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* attributes sea-sickness to an irritation to the semi-circular canals of the ear or abdominal viscera, or both, which become full of blood and cause vomiting, and illustrates the theory by a detail of interesting facts, and experiments.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.

Buyers of Old Books.

"Where do all the old books come from? Well, that is a question which requires a long answer. It is one which we are asked a good many times during the day," said the proprietor of a second-hand book store. "There is a prevailing idea that most of the books upon our shelves are sold to us by destitute people who take this means of raising a little cash, but that is true in a limited number of cases only. It is true that people whose fortunes have suddenly changed for the worse are ready to sell their books if they have many of them. Many books are brought to us by a class of people who have no desire to keep them after they have once been read. The money which they get for them is spent for others, which in turn are sold to us. This system accounts for many of the new books unsold upon our shelves.

"So many books are now printed and sold in pamphlet form, however, that this is not done so often as formerly. Only those books which are sold in bindings by the publishers and are not published in pamphlet form reach us in this way.

"The great bulk of our volumes are bought in large numbers, whole libraries which are sold by the executors of the wills of deceased persons to satisfy the claims of creditors, or libraries of men who are no longer able to keep them. So common has this become that those who have the disposition of the books in charge summon the book men, and request them to make estimates upon the stock the same as contractors bid for work. The highest bidder gets the lot. The value of a library is not regulated by the original cost of the books which it contains, nor the condition of the covers and the general state of preservation, but by the nature of reading matter contained. Patent-office reports and medical and legal books may cost fortunes to print, and be the best works extant upon those subjects, but the average buyers of second-hand volumes are not the poor, thirsting students, anxious to improve their minds, which they are sometimes represented to be. Occasionally we are afflicted with a person who spends hours looking through our shelves for rare works, but the majority of our buyers are looking for sensational works, novels, border dramas in their livellest forms and entrancing works of fiction of all kinds.

The larger the number of these works in a library, the greater the value of that library to the second-hand book dealer. The per cent. of solid reading matter sold would not pay the interest on the works of fiction.

"School books are excepted from this classification. Second-hand book stores are recognized as markets for school books and we deal in them largely. Pupils graduate from one set of books to another long before the old ones are worn out. We pay good prices for these works when they are standard, for they sell readily and are quite as good and answer the same purpose. Works on Astronomy, Physiology, Physiognomy and Electricity are scarce and not equal to the demand for them. Latin Grammars, French primers, law and medical works are as plentiful as Bibles. At present we are experiencing a demand for works on magnetism and mesmerism. The professors of animal magnetism have turned the heads of boys, and the craze to become mesmerists, I should judge from the demand, will soon take the place of the older idea of going West to fight the Indians."

"What prices do you pay for books?"

"Well, they range from five to seventy-five cents. Good novels which are popular are worth thirty or forty cents if they are in fair condition. Illustrated works may be worth as high as seventy-five cents. Scientific books are rarely worth over a quarter unless they are of the kind that are in demand. These prices may seem low for bound volumes, but when you remember that people expect to buy them for almost nothing and that we have to keep them on the shelves sometimes for years and sometimes forever, they are in reality high prices. Bibles are worth from two to three cents each, unless they happen to be copies of old prints, which is one of the improbable happenings, although two of those books which are valued in the thousands of dollars were found upon the shelves of second-hand book stores.

"When Cæsar wrote his Commentaries he did not think that they would go a begging on the shelves of dealers in old books at twenty-five cents apiece, nor did Joseph Smith think I would have three calls in one day for Mormon Bibles, which I could not supply.

"Greenleaf, when he puzzled his head to paralyze the school children with his mathematical problems, had no idea that it would be one of the unsolvable problems how to sell a score of copies of them at ten cents apiece or three for a quarter. Only the writers of ten-cent novels can hope to have their work fully appreciated. We sometimes have copies of standard magazines and periodicals only a month old that will sell for ten or fifteen cents. They reach us in two ways, by the persons who have read them, and sometimes the publishers send to the dealers copies that are left on their hands, and we are thus able to dispose of them before the leaves have been cut."

Oriental Magic.

The old missionary Jesuits in India and China relate with holy horror the magic arts of the sorcerers which came under their observation, and lament that some credulous Princes who have been converted to Christianity should still allow diabolic tricks to be played before them. As, for instance, heavy goblets of silver to be moved from one end of a table to another without hands and heavy articles of furniture to dance about the room as if possessed of demons. This was many centuries before the development of modern spiritualism. How these pious old monks would be shocked at seeing tables tipped, banjos banged, fiddles fly through the air and bells rang in cabinets where the evil "spirits" were supposed to be tied hand and foot.

A very learned friar who lived several hundred years ago, and is described as "perfectly honest and truthful," relates that in his time there lived among the Tartars certain men, honored above all others, being idol priests from India, persons of deep wisdom, well conducted and of the purest morals. They were acquainted with the magic arts, and depended upon the counsel and aid of demons."

Among other delusions they exhibited, all of which he describes with great exactness, he says "they can sit in the air without any visible means of support; first on a tripod of three sticks; then one stick after another is removed and the man still remains, not touching the ground." He further relates that "with a long stick I felt under the suspended person and found nothing upon which his body rested." It was told that his last performance was professedly exhibited in Madras during the present century, and minutely described by writers "whose veracity can not be impeached."

And now comes the most astonishing trick of all, which has a touch of the melodramatic to give a more piquant flavor. I shall tell it in quaint language of the old chronicler, somewhat abbreviated, and trust no one will take it to be literally true. He describes very vividly the basket trick, which is well known in India, and says: "I am now to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should not venture to tell if it had not been witnessed by thousands under my own eyes. One of the party took a ball of cord, and grasping one end, threw the other up in the air with such force that its extremity was beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with incredible swiftness, and was soon out of sight. I stood full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this, when lo, a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up and threw it into a basket. A moment after a hand came down, and immediately after that another leg. And in a short time all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all we saw come down was the head and no sooner had that touched the ground than he who had snatched up all the limbs and put them into the basket turned them all topsy turvey. And straightway I saw with my eyes all those limbs creep together again, and in a short time a whole man, who stood up and walked about without showing the least damage. Never in my life was I so astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it by the help of the devil. I had an attack of palpitation of the heart, like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of that kind. They gave me a cordial, however, which cured me of the attack. The Kadi Afkharradin was next to me, and quoth he: "Waltah! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocuspocus!" and I think this was a very wise conclusion to come to.

Using Either Hand.

"It has become an established fact that those who have trained the left hand have become more proficient in the use of the right. It is invaluable to people who depend upon the pen for a living, for it enables them to use either hand. Suppose an accident should happen to the right hand, a penman would then be entirely hopeless if he could not use the left. I do not know whether there are very many dexterous left-handed writers in the country or not, but I presume there are some. I have been told of a telegraph operator who can send a message with his right hand and take a copy of the same with his left. When we were in New York we visited Mr. Spencer, son of the founder of the Spencerian system of penmanship. He is a proficient ambidexterist, and as we found him writing with his left hand we had some conversation regarding it. He told us that the number of pupils he had to use the pen successfully with both hands amounted to several thousands and were scattered all over the United States. He showed us several samples of work done by some very young persons. Among them was a specimen of the signature of the 13 year old son of Carl Schurz, which was done in beautiful script. Mr. S. said he considered him the best left-hand writer for his age in the country. President Garfield could use both hands, and had practiced it from his boyhood. Thomas Jefferson lost the use of his right arm by a paralytic stroke. With constant practice he became very proficient in the use of the left, and all his writing in the latter part of his life was done with that hand.

Florida Sinks.

Those curious depressions of the soil known as sinks have attracted the attention of scientific men and form one of the features of the country to visitors. Timid people are afraid of them, but I not see any difference between them and the natural depressions one meets with in all wooded counties. Sometimes an acre will commence to sink towards the centre, and year after year the depth increases until it reaches its lowest point and stands still. Some of these places are wonderfully beautiful, being covered with a luxuriant under-growth of bush vegetation, shaded by immense trees garlanded with grapevines and jasmine, and charmingly draped with the beautiful moss of the country, with perhaps at the base a pool of clear water. These bosky shades are much frequented by cattle, and they enhance by the attractions of life and motion a picture that any artist might be proud to add to his collection. Sometimes the central part really does fall out of sight leaving a hole whose depth may be imagined, but out of such fissures I have seen oak trees growing of large girth, proving that they do not really go through to China.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height of a chimney. Nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

A Mystery of the Plains.

An old miner told the following tale in relation to a wagon train. He said some years ago while prospecting near Idaho Springs, I came upon a rich lead. The rock, however, was hard, and had to be drilled, and necessarily required two men to do the work. While I was still in a quandary as to whom I could get, a stranger came up to where I was at work and asked me if I knew where he could get employment. I inquired whether he knew anything of mining and could hold and strike a drill.

"He assured me that he had worked in mines in California and Nevada for years, and thought he understood it. Something in the manner and conversation of the man made me take a strong and sudden fancy to him, and I never had cause to be sorry for it. He gave his name as Robert Williams, and had a mild and rather agreeable face, but with a melancholy that seemed to be the result of years of habit. As it is not customary in this country, especially in a mining district to inquire particularly into a man's antecedents, I at once made a proposition to Williams to join me and work the new prospect on shares. He accepted the offer, and, as I said before, I never had occasion to regret the transaction. Always quiet, sober and industrious, he became a favorite with everyone, and the only remarkable thing about him being he never once in any way referred to his early life. Our mine turned out pretty well, and Williams and I continued as partners in working that, and other claims ever since until recently, when he died after a very short illness from pneumonia. On the last day, when he felt that he could not live he called me to his bedside, and told me a wonderful story. He said: I was born in Pittsburg Pa. My father was a large iron manufacturer, and gave me all the benefits of a good education, and indulged me in everything that money could buy. When I became of age I was admitted to the firm. Shortly afterward, owing to fluctuations in the iron market, our firm was forced to suspend. The blow was a particularly severe one on me, as I was engaged to one of the most beautiful as well as wealthy ladies in the Iron city. At this time stories were rife of the immense riches of Colorado, and the Pike's peak and other excitements were drawing to that favored country a large number of the young men of the east. With bright visions of the future and of the fortune that I would make to replace that which I had lost, I started west. Upon arriving at St. Joe I found a number of trains fitting out for the promised land. While seeking to make some arrangements to cross the plains, I was accosted one day by a man who asked me if I was going to Colorado. Upon being told that that was my intention, he said: "I am about sending a wagon loaded with nitro-glycerine or blasting oil, as it is called, to the Colorado mines, and as the trip is attended with some danger, I find it difficult to get anyone to take the risk. I will pay well for the service, and all expenses besides." Not knowing or realizing the danger, I eagerly seized the opportunity. Joining a party of emigrants who were about to cross the plains without informing them of the dangerous character of the cargo contained in our wagon, I started one morning together with another man who was employed with me. When we camped for the night we always drew our wagon a little to one side, took our horses out and slept at some distance away. Toward the close of an afternoon in September, 1860, when near McCandless' ranch, on the Little Blue, the skies became dark, a thunder storm arose, and as fate would have it a bolt of lightning struck our wagon, exploding its contents, which consisted of 3,500 pounds of the dangerous substance killing every one of the small party, together with all of the horses and cattle, and reducing to fragments every wagon in the train. By a miracle I was riding considerably in advance at the time, seeking to get a shot at some antelopes which were grazing in the distance. I became aware of a report louder and more distinct than thunder, and turning on my horse, saw a dense cloud of smoke where the train should have been but could not discover its whereabouts. Riding back, I beheld a horrid sight. Bodies of men without legs or arms lay scattered about, and mingled in the confusion of fragments of wagons and their freight were the still quivering carcasses of cattle and horses. You can judge of my horror at the speciacle. I was the only living survivor of the party. Almost bereft of my senses I rode on, and was seized with a new terror. What account could I give of the party or how explain their mysterious disappearance? Then I came to a resolution that was both cowardly and inhumane.

"I would avoid going to the point of destination of the train and would conceal the facts of its fate in the fear that I might be accused of making away with it. Instead of stopping at the mining camps near Pike's peak, I made a detour around them, fearing to meet anyone who would question me, and went to California. Once in a great while I would see a newspaper in which the mysterious disappearance of the wagon train and those composing it, was commented on, everyone believing they had been massacred by Indians. This secret I have kept locked in my breast all these years, and it has tortured me at times almost beyond endurance. At this point of his story Williams became so weak that he could not continue, and shortly after breathed his last."

A report is going the rounds that a German electrician has invented a battery which will do wonders if its plans could only be fully carried out. The electric battery is to be worked by sunlight mostly, if not entirely, and the cost of the other elements could be reduced to a minimum. If cheap and portable accumulators could be made for storing the electricity the sunlight of a single summer could be made to store force enough to drive all the mills and railroads for years.

Begin the fight against insects on house and conservatory plants early in the fall. Some green flies are sure to be lurking about the plants at this season.

HALIBUT WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Cut your halibut steak into pieces about two inches square. Dip each piece in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and put in a hot frying-pan in which a large piece of the best butter is frizzling. Fry in a hot place, keep the pan closely covered except when turning the fish, which must be thoroughly browned but not burned. Have ready some tomato sauce made thus: Take some nice, ripe tomatoes, cut them in quarters, and cook slowly in a porcelain-lined saucepan for an hour or so. If cooked gently they can hardly be cooked too long. Then drain out all the seeds, skins, etc., through a colander; put back on the fire and add pepper, salt and a large piece of butter, and some rich stock if you happen to have it. Smooth a teaspoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water, and thicken the sauce with this. Arrange the fillets of halibut in a circle around a platter, and pour the sauce in the centre. Sprinkle the pieces of fish with a little salt and chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

SEED CAKE.—One pound of butter, which must be beaten until it is as light as cream, then sift upon this and mix with it one pound of flour. When the flour is partly mixed with the butter, add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, ground mace and nutmeg to your taste, and three-quarters of an ounce of caraway seeds. Beat six eggs very light, add one wine-glass of rose water; then put them into the cake dough, and beat well for ten minutes. Bake in tin lined with a buttered paper. It will require baking for one and a half or two hours. This is a very nice cake, and you may vary it by omitting the seeds and adding currants.

NEWPORT CORN SOUP.—Take one dozen ears of corn and one quart of cream; cut the grains of corn through the middle with a very sharp knife; scrape them off. Boil the ears in just water enough to cover them, until the sweetness is extracted from them. Strain this liquor, and then take as much of it as you need for the desired quantity of soup, say one quart. Add the cream slowly and stir it gently so that it will not curdle. Put the corn into this and let it cook until tender. Add pepper and salt to your taste.

GRAPE JELLY.—Strip from the stalk some fine ripe black grapes, stir them with a wooden spoon over a gentle fire until all have burst and the juice flows freely from them; strain off, being on your guard that no pressure is applied to the bag; pass it through and through the bag until quite clear; simmer gently for twenty minute, then draw it from the fire and stir in until well dissolved fourteen ounces of extra refined sugar (roughly powdered); boil the jelly quickly for fifteen minutes longer, taking care constantly to stir and skim.

TO CLEAN A CHIMNEY.—A chimney can be cleaned with ease in the following manner: A small bunch of evergreen branches is tied into a bundle and then to the middle of a rope of the right length. A person gets on the roof and lets one end of the rope down; the chimney is closed with a sack or sheet to keep the dust in, and a second person below pulls the brush down; it is then pulled up again, and this is repeated until the flue is clean. As soon as the dust is settled it is put into the sheet, or bags, or pails and carried out.

BEEF KIDNEY STEWED.—Parboil a beef kidney and cut it in slices the thickness of a penny piece, toss them in a saucepan with a piece of butter for five minutes; into another saucepan put one ounce of butter and one dessertspoonful of flour, stir on the fire until it begins to brown, moisten with a teacupful of stock, add some finely-minced parsley, the juice of a lemon, pepper and salt to taste. Pour this into the saucepan with the kidney, and let it simmer gently until thoroughly done.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel,** opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

'Tis better that the man's own works than that another man's words should praise him.

New Catalogue of Organs.

THE MASON & HAMLIN Organ and Piano Company have just issued their new Catalogue for the season of 1884-5. It forms a handsome 4to pamphlet of 46 pages, and contains illustrations accurately showing the appearance of all the styles of organs regularly made by them, with detailed descriptions of the capacity of each; together with quite full mention of the general modes of construction employed and the great favor with which their organs have been received all over the world; with accounts of their triumphs at all the great comparisons of such instruments at World's Industrial Exhibitions for many years; with pictures of medals, decorations and diplomas of honor obtained.

In looking over such a catalogue one is forcibly reminded of the magnitude which the business of reed instruments has attained. Twenty-five years since only a few were made, under the name of "Melodeons," which had not and did not deserve much favor with musicians, enjoying very limited sale, at prices varying from $40 to $125. Now 80,000 organs are made yearly in the United States, which are sold in all civilized countries at prices from $22 to $1,000 or more.

This at least may be said to any purchaser of a Mason & Hamlin organ; he will unquestionably get the very best instrument of its class which can be made. Thirty years' experience is a guarantee of what this company can and will do. They cannot afford to send out poor organs.

The present catalogue shows an increased and very complete assortment, both as to cases and capacities. It will be sent free, to any one desiring to see it, on application to the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY, Boston, New York, or Chicago.—*Boston Traveller.*

There is in hypocrisy as much folly as vice; it is as easy to be honest as to appear so.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

HADDOCK IN SAUCE,—Take a large, fleshy, dried haddock, skin it, and remove the bones. Let it lie in warm water for ten minutes, then cut it into small pieces, and then put them into a stewpan. Cover with hot water, bring to a boil, and simmer for ten minutes. Thicken with an ounce of butter and half an ounce of flour to a pint of water. Add a dash of pepper and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, or anchovy essence to taste. Serve hot with fried or mashed potatoes.

THE most healthful atmosphere in a sitting-room is obtained by having a blazing fire on the hearth and an open door, and the same at night for a chamber is far more healthful than to sleep in a cold, closed room. A small, warm room, with even a small air hole, is more healthful than a very large, close, cold room. Cold air is not necessarily a pure air, and no person can be well long who is not in the open air, more or less, every day.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Cut part of a solid head of cabbage into thin shreds, and throw lightly into a salad bowl or vegetable dish. Cut a few thin slices of bacon into small dice, and fry until they begin to brown; then pour in some vinegar, the same quantity of water, add a lump of butter, pepper and salt, pour all warm over the cabbage. This is a very nice supper dish with warmed up potatoes.

There Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said: "But, sire, remember the Alps." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon pass was made. Disease, like a mountain, stands in the way of fame, fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" might be healed and so the mountain would disappear. It is specific for all blood, chronic lung and liver diseases, such as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), pimples, blotches, eruptions, tumors, swellings, fever-sores and kindred complaints.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

* * * * Pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in four weeks. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it.

Despise Not the Day of Small Things.

Little things may help a man to rise—a bent pin in an easy chair for instance. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers and do wonders. Being purely vegetable they cannot harm any one. All druggists.

Excess of ceremony was always the weak companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend, who had been cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, advised me to give it a trial. We got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore, live every day as if it would be the last.

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken; the full heart knows no rhetoric of words.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make the last miserable.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

To be happy the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy:

IN 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

There are a great many duties that cannot wait. Unless they are done the moment they present themselves, it is not worth while to do them at all.

Carbo-lines.

The magic balm, which is in truth
Petroleum sweet and clean;
It gives to age the charm of youth,
The matchless Carboline.

Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

Where a cause is good, an appeal should be directed to the heart rather than the head.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup sugar, one egg, one-half cup sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, flavor to taste.

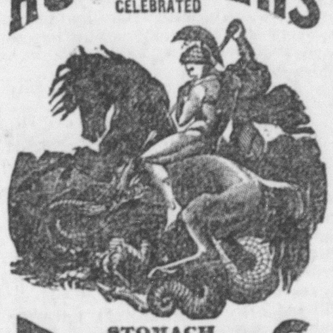
Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

FUSSY old maid (entering base ball grounds)—"Why, what did they all begin to yell 'Fowl!' for when I came in? Do they mean me?" Polite gatekeeper—"Oh, no mum, you aint no chicken."

MANY horses will resist a powerful curb that will go quietly with a plain snaffle. Coolness, patience and kindness will overcome the fractious spirit.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Protection.

No such protective against chills and fever and other diseases of a malarial type exists as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It relieves constipation, liver disorders, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments with certainty and promptitude. A change, as gratifying as it is complete, soon takes place in the appearance, as well as the sensation, of the wan and haggard invalid who uses this standard promoter of health and strength.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416, NEW YORK.

Hale's Honey OF Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
*It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
*It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
*Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale of druggists.*

Thirty Years Record. HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL Endorsed by Physicians.

IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles, Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes. IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

Price $1.25. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of VIGOR Simple cases, $5 to $5. Severe cases, $8 to $12. Pamph let Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

CATARRH ELY'S Cream Balm

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply into Nostrils. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Samp'e by mail 10 cents. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

ALCOHOLISM CURED by ANTI-LIQUEUR, $1 per box, sent by mail. Stops craving. Circular free. Cliparco Co. Philadelphia.

ONLY $20. This Style Philadelphia SINGER, with full Set of Attachments, sent on two weeks' trial. We do not ask you to pay one cent until you use the machine in your own home for two weeks. Other companies charge $40 for this style. Warranted for 5 years. Circular and testimonials free. C. A. WOOD & CO., 17 North 10th St., Philada., Pa.

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞ Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of BLAINE AND LOGAN By Col. Thos. W. KNOX. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic Impartial. Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest* 500 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free. Freights paid.* Send for *Extra Terms*, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

"I WISH you would help me a little," pleaded a tramp, "even if it ain't more'n six or eight dollars."

"Would six or eight dollars be enough?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, eight would be enough. You see I'm in tuff luck. First I was drowned out in Cincinnati and lost every dollar I had in the world; then came the Chicago fire and I barely escaped with a pair of silk drawers and my Sunday coat. After this the war robbed me of four fifteen-hundred dollar buck negroes and eighty bales of picked cotton, an' jest as I was gettin' on my feet again, and had a few thousand dollars in bank, I took sick with Asiatic cholera and died—at least my wife died—and the money all went to the doctors, that is, the doctors went for the money—but they didn't get it—an' if you could lend me ten cents stranger I'll return it to you day after to-morrow at half-past 12."

"I WONDER what my daughter is about!" exclaimed Mrs. Fussanfeather, jumping up and starting to go and inform the young lady that young Crimsonbeak was getting tired waiting for her to make her appearance.

"You needn't mind, Mrs. Fussanfeather, I know what she is about," replied the calier, rising and reaching for his hat.

"What do you suppose my dear sixteen year old danguter is about then, Mr. Crimsonbeak?"

"What do I suppose your sixteen year old daughter is about?" came from the young man." "Why, I suppose she's about twenty-two!" is what struck the horrified ears of Mrs. Fussanfeather, as Crimsonbeak vanished through the pickets of the front fence.

"IF you've got a clam hoe," said an impatient guest at a seaside hotel, "I'll go out and dig some myself. I ordered clam chowder twenty minutes ago, and I must take a train that leaves in half an hour."

"Lord bless you sir, we don't want clams. We never use any. We bees awaitin' for Maria to get done washing the dishes. We wanns the dish-water we do."

"What in heaven's name do you do with dish-water?"

"Please, sir, we puts it into clam chowder for thickening."

JONES—"You are not looking as bright as usual to-day."

Smith—"Hey?"

"You are not looking well."

"No, got a cold."

"In the head?"

"Hey?"

"Cold in the head, isn't it?"

"Yes; can't see or smell, and can hardly hear."

"So I noticed."

"Hey?"

"So I noticed."

"Yes, I wonder what it is?"

"'Hey' fever, evidently.."

MRS. A.—"Did the contractor say how long it would be before our cottage is finished?"

"Mr. A.—It won't take long. It is to be a balloon frame, you know."

"A what?"

"A balloon frame."

"Mercy me! Why, what is to keep it from sailing away in the first storm?"

"Don't worry. It will be heavily weighted."

"Heavily weighted? Why, what with?"

"A mortgage."

"WHAT do you think," said Clara, "that horrid Tom Brown proposed to me last evening. He hummed and hawed a long time, but finally spunked up courage to ask me for my hand." "And what did you say, dear?" "Say? Why, I told him I couldn't be so cruel as to burden him with a third hand when he didn't know what to do with the two he already had—the awkward booby!"

A LITTLE Columbus girl who had always attended the Episcopal Church, and had never remained through the service, stayed this summer through it at a well-known Congressional church in Massachusetts. It was communion Sunday, and little Julie viewed the proceedings with great wonder. After a time she said in a whisper to her sister, who sat next to her: "Will there be ice cream?"

"I OBSERVE, Mrs. Simpson Hendricks," remarked Dumley to the landlady, "that you have changed your cook quite recently."

"Yes," she replied, "only this morning. Do you find an improvement in the soup?"

"Well, I would scarcely venture to say that it is an improvement. Rather a matter of taste. Some people like blonde soup, you know, while others prefer brunette."

"NOT that way," whispered a burglar to his accompiece, after they had broken into a summer resort hotel, "the proprietor's room is down this hall."

"Wot's the matter with you?' growled the more expert cracksman, "I know my business. We want to get at the room of the head waiter."

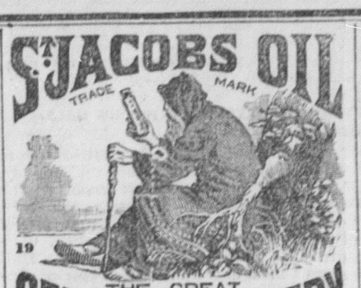
A LOUISVILLE man has turned out some kind of an invention by which a man can lie in bed and fish. If he will now add an attachment that will lie about the size of the fish caught, he will remove a load of responsibility from the shoulders of the fisherman. It is not fishing that exhausts a man.

AND now the student returneth to his Alma Mater and he telleth his companions about the "sounding sea," and the "fair women," and the "grand hops," and the "beautiful moonlight nights," he enjoyed at the shore; but he keepeth strictly mum as to the hotel in which he was waiter.

TRUST a child to remember that which he should forget. "What is your doggy's name, Daisy?" "Damn." "Why, you wicked child, where did you hear that word?" "Why Marion, that's what Uncle George says, 'Damn the dog.'"

"WAITER' didn't I tell you to give me a piece of melon off the ice?" "Yaas, sah, you did, sah." "Well, this piece is as warm as a tin roof." "Yaas, sah. Dat's cause hit's off de ice, sah. Dey's allus wa'm when dey's off de ice, sah."

ST. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Why?

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞ SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby CLEANSING the BLOOD restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

English and German. With PRONUNCIATION. German and English. The BEST and Cheapest.

NEW American DICTIONARY. 1232 Pages. Price $1.50.

NEW American POCKET-DICTIONARY. 624 Pages. Price $1.00.

For Sale by all Book- and News-Dealers. TAKE NO OTHER.

Morwitz & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

ELASTIC TRUSS

BEST TRUSS EVER USED.

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the N. Y. ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 744 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C.E. Marshall, Lockport, N.Y.

YOU ARE A LIAR

Lying Agents don't SELL and tell the truth about Jones. Put your lies on paper and sign if you dare. U. S. STANDARD $60. 5 TON WAGON SCALES. Beam Box, Tare Beam. Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

VARICOCELE Painless cure cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 161 Fulton St., N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN 100 STYLES ORGANS $22 TO $900.

HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Only American Organs Awarded such at any.

For Cash, Easy Payments or Rented.

UPRIGHT PIANOS

presenting THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE YET ATTAINED in such instruments; adding to all previous improvements one of greater value than any; securing most pure, refined, musical tones and increased durability; especially avoiding liability to get out of tune. Illustrated Catalogues free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO., Boston, 154 Tremont St.; N. York, 46 E. 14th St.; Chicago, 149 Wabash Ave.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 62-75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship* and *Solid Merit* make it *the booming book for Agents.* ☞ Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, *Extra Terms*, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

"LINENE" Reversible Collars and Cuffs, Turn down collars. RUBENS, ANGELO, RAPHAEL. The new standing style, MURILLO, is REVERSIBLE, same as the turn down styles. The top edge has a smooth, round fold that cannot fray.

Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. It is polished on both sides and cut into collars and cuffs with no wrong side. Double use. Adjust perfectly. No rough edges. Worth a trial. Ten for 25 cts. at stores. Two Gold Medals and Bronze Medal awarded at M. C. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1881. Collar and pair cuffs, any size, to try, postpaid for SIX cts. Fabric and circulars free. Mention this paper. Reversible Collar Co., Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live young Men or Ladies in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

BUY THE BEST SHEFFIELD CUTLERY MADE. JOSEPH ROGERS AND SON'S.

	KNIVES	SCISSORS.	RAZORS.	CARVERS.
1	Blade, 50c	Cutting out 99c.	In'l'w'grnd $1.00.	Stag Handle $2.50.
2	" 65			
3	" 1.50	Embroidering, 60c.	Sent by mail on receipt of Price.	
4	" 2.00			

D. D. WILLSEA, Tarrytown, N. Y.

THE "OPERA" Copy free for 2c. stamp. Peck & Son, 121 W. 35th St., N. Y.

Gossamer Garments Free.

To any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods and try to influence sales among friends we will send postpaid two full size Ladies' Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Wearing Apparel as samples, provided you cut this out and return with 25 cents to pay postage, etc. WARREN MANUFACTURING CO., 9 Warren St., N. Y.

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to afflicted. Send name, P. O. and express address of to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

43 391

Correspondence Business School, 1451 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Young Men and Women Thoroughly prepared for business at home. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., practically taught by mail. Send for circulars.

"THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN," BY GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, graphically illustrated with more than twenty pictures, is a leading feature of the November number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. This article is the beginning of a series of separate papers, to appear in THE CENTURY, on the great battles of the War for the Union, written by general officers high in command on both sides, including Generals GRANT, LONGSTREET, MCCLELLAN, BEAUREGARD, HILL, POPE, BUCKNANS, Admiral PORTER, and others. The aim is to present interesting personal experiences—the officers' own stories of their plans and operations. The illustrations will be full and accurate; and accompanying papers on "Recollections of a Private," also begun in November, will add value to a series which the conductors of THE CENTURY believe to be the most important ever undertaken by them. The November CENTURY also contains first chapters of a new novel, the story of an American business man, by W. D. Howells; a timely paper on "How Shall we Elect Our Presidents?" short stories by "Uncle Remus" and others, and a number of striking illustrations. *This issue begins a new volume.* Yearly subscriptions, $4.00; single numbers, 35 cts. All book-sellers and newsdealers keep it. THE CENTURY CO. N. Y. Publishers. Ask for the

NOVEMBER CENTURY.

THE publishers of OCEAN to OCEAN desire to secure the names of **one million** subscribers. With that number to go before advertisers, who are willing to pay **one cent per line per thousand of circulation**, or $10 a line for a million, the profits of the paper will approximate as follows:—RECEIPTS: 1,000,000 subscribers, at $2, $2,000,000; 500 inches advertising space, at $10 a line or $140 an inch, 52 issues, $3,640,000—total, $5,640,000. EXPENSES: for paper and press work, 1,000,000 copies, 52 issues, $900,000; editorial work, office, repairs, etc., $50,000; premium engravings, $1,000,000; incidentals, commissions, etc., $100,000;—total $1,750,000; leaving a net profit of $3,890,000. This enormous profit from sale of advertising space, **Ocean to Ocean** will owe directly to its subscribers, for advertisers will pay $10 a line simply because the paper will have 1,000,000 circulation. In order to secure such a circulation and such profits, the publishers will loan back to subscribers in $100 to $500 amounts, the profits thus secured, and also furnish the most attractive and valuable Premium ever offered.

The GRANDEST PREMIUM and a Long Loan at 4 per cent

"Waiting for the Verdict."—This grand engraving was never sold for less than $12 a copy. We will pay $1,000 for any copy purchased at retail for a less amount. Our order is for 1,000,000 copies, we paying cost of American plate.

Every future subscriber to **Ocean to Ocean** can secure a copy of this, the most valuable work of art ever issued in the form of an engraving, by sending 42c. in addition to the subscription price, to prepay cost, express and properly packing, or postage, if sent by mail. Also any subscriber who desires to borrow from $100 to $500 at 4 per cent., the principal to stand if desired as long as borrower remains a subscriber, should so state when he orders the premium. In such case—

The Subscription Price, $2.00, need not be sent, as it can be deducted when Loan is made

And subscription begins. Your individual note is all the security asked: provided you will send the names of several of your neighbors to whom we can refer, not as to the amount of property you are worth, but as to good character. First year's interest at 4 per cent., and subscription price will be deducted from amount borrowed.

CONDITIONS. Loans made pro rata; not less than $100 nor more than $500. First year's interest at 4 per cent., and the subscription price to be deducted from amount loaned. If the subscriber does not apply for a loan, the subscription price must be sent in advance. If a loan is desired, no money need be sent for subscription, the charges for the Premium, etc., only being required, as the subscription and first year's interest can be deducted from the loan. Every subscriber must accept as a condition of receiving the Premium that he will display it in a conspicuous place in his house or office, and inform those who call how and where he secured it. Positively this must be done. Every Premium sent out secures additional subscribers, and no application will be entered unless the charges on the Premium are sent. These charges, 42c., have nothing to do with the subscription price, and barely cover cost, delivery, and properly packing so large an engraving, and the delivery charges must be prepaid. The subscription price, $2 (which represents a profit and not a direct expense) can remain unpaid until loan is made and subscription begins. Postage stamps will not be received for Premium charges except from places where a postal note can not be obtained. When a loan is made, the following form of note will be sent, with the money, to the subscriber's nearest bank or express office, and no note need be signed until the money is paid over. Send the names of several references, and immediate inquiry will be made. If no loan is desired, no references need be sent. The Premium will be sent at once. Address,

Ocean to Ocean, 16 Bradford Block, CINCINNATI, O.

One year after date, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of the publishers of Ocean to Ocean the sum of ..... Dollars, with interest at 4 per cent. per annum after maturity. It is understood and agreed that no part of the principal of this note will be demanded or become payable, (except at my pleasure,) as long as I remain a paid-up subscriber to the above named paper.

(Signed.) .....

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA, NOV. 5, 1884.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

An Entire New Store!

CLERKS, GOODS, FIXTURES AND ALL HAS

— BEEN ADDED THIS WEEK TO THE —

"SUPPLY DEPOT,"

FULL BEFORE. THIS MAKES AN OVERFLOW.

WE OFFER BARGAINS TO MAKE ROOM.

—A HINT TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.—

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

INTERESTING NOTICE.

Two weeks ago our Fall Stock began to arrive, and to say that we were surprised at the way they turned out expresses it but mildly. Every where we hear words of praise and commendation. One lady from New York remarked: "I never expected to find such a store in Bellefonte." If you will be honest and candid and take a look we know that you will be astonished and have to acknowledge the same.

In Dress Trimmings, Pasamentries, Fringes, Heading Ornaments, Buttons, Buckles, &c., our line will exceed by far any of our neighbors.

Our 54-inch dollar Dress Cloth for 75 Cents beats them all. The cloths are made by first-class makers—less eminent perhaps than Lupin but in quality and wear equal any made. We have but a limited quantity left—remember 54 inches wide at 75 cents, never before offered for less than one dollar.

We would be pleased to have you call, and feel sure that you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S A RCADE. *Bellefonte, Pa.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

—C. Dinges has been appointed express agent for Centre Hall. The first express packages came on Tuesday and were received by the REPORTER office.

—J D Long, Spring Mills, just received a car load of salt—please examine price before buying elsewhere.

—The railroad company has decided not to change the names of localities west of Centre Hall, on account of the plentiful "Halls," and will leave all Halls—we suppose from the impossibility to adopt new names that will satisfy all.

—Late news—Mr. John Stover will assist C. P. Long in the store at Spring Mills, and with Mr. Long's, Sr., assistance will make business boom.

—Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

—Ph. Leitzel hauled 3000 of lumber from H. Kassler's saw mill to Coburn, with two horses. Who can beat this? so reports Geo. Eisenhuth.

—We are sorry to learn that our friend, Benj. Arney, accidentally cut his foot with an axe which will impede his locomotion for a short time.

—Corn is all husked, and is as good in quality as corn can be, and nearly an average crop.

—Mrs. Amos Alexander died at Millheim on last Thursday evening. Her death was sudden and unexpected, and was caused by hemorrhage. Her funeral took place on Saturday following.

—Wolf & Son's new stock will make you tear open your eyes, and the low prices will tickle your pocket book. Drop in and see them.

—Last week the sad intelligence reached us that Fisher, a five year old son of Rev. McCool, of Turbotville, formerly pastor of the New Berlin Lutheran charge, had died of poisoning in the following manner: Fisher and his younger brother had been playing in their father's study when they found a bottle containing a liquid. Thinking it harmless the child drank a portion of it which proved to be corrosive sublimate, and resulted in his death in four days, after the most violent suffering.

The child was a grand-son of Jacob McCool, of Spring Mills. Cousin Will and wife have the sympathy of Centre county friends.

—Rev. Shoffner, of Lewisburg, upon invitation, preached trial sermons last Sabbath in the congregations belonging to the Boalsburg Lutheran charge. We understand the charge has voted to extend him a call.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oc2m

BRICK for sale—12 to 15,000—at Zerby's brick yard, Centre Hall, by J. O. Deininger. 22oc3t

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

If you want to save money on bed blankets and baps, go to the Bee Hive.

A health journal tells its readers how to take cold. What most of us want to know is how to let it go. Take a bottle of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine, and it will go because it must. 5n2

—Any thing you want—hat, collar, tie, shirt, underwear, gloves, vests, pants, dress-coat, overcoat, cuffs, cuff-buttons, o be had at the Philad. Branch, cheaper han ever. Go and see Lewins' new stock.

OPENING OF OUR RAILROAD.

THE EXCURSION TO OAK HALL.

The opening of our railroad from Spring Mills to Oak Hall, on Monday, was celebrated by an excursion to the last named place. The train, composed of six passenger cars, was chuck full of people from Coburn, Spring Mills, Centre Hall and Linden Hall. Centre Hall was almost depopulated. A special containing Sup't Westfall, Messrs. Harrar, Rhodes, Davis and other railroad officials from Williamsport, was an hour in advance of the excursion train, had also President L. A. Mackey, Colonel Slifer, Judge Bucher and Col. Coburn, and at Centre Hall took in the members of the railroad committee, Messrs. Wolf and Kurtz.

Arrived at Oak Hall there was a very large crowd from that section and Bellefonte, among others Gov. Curtin, E. C Humes, Ed. and Ev. Blanchard, Judge Hoy, A. O. Furst, and other prominent citizens. The day was fine and all that could be desired to make the affair pleasant. The Linden Hall band was on hand discoursing excellent music. The excursion train added some 600 to the already large crowd at Oak Hall. Most of the excursionists had their lunch baskets and spread their cloths on the lawn at Oak Hall station.

Hon. Sam'l Gilliland prepared a royal feast at his hospitable mansion for the railroad officials, the local railroad committee, (Messrs. McFarlane, Wolf and Kurtz,) Gov. Curtin, D. Hess, Dr. Hammil, Irvin, Slifer, Coburn, Blanchards, Brocherhoff, Bucher and Mackey. All partook of the feast with a relish such as only a richly supplied table as was set at Mr. Gilliland's would excite.

After dinner a meeting was organized, and Colonel Mackey called to preside. The Colonel made a good speech, and closed by introducing Gov. Curtin whose remarks were a treat for the audience next to that of the elegant dinners that had been partaken of, and he was frequently applauded for his eloquent and happy hits.

Judge Bucher was next introduced and congratulated the people of our valley on the completion of the road to this point. He always sypathized with our efforts and was glad to see our wishes gratified.

Colonel Coburn was next called and spoke in congratulatory terms of the enterprize, and was rejoiced that the efforts of the citizens were at last crowned with success.

After an hour spent in social chat, the signal was given, "all aboard" and the train excurted homeward, all happy and having passed the day very pleasantly.

This was the second proud day for Penns Valley. The first was when we celebrated the opening of the road to Spring Mills, about seven years ago. We all remember what a grand time there was. Almost the entire population of our valley was there, and hundreds from Union county to congratulate us and we them upon the iron tie that bound us closer than ever.

But we want another great jubilee, and that with the blossoms of the coming spring when the iron-horse shall take us with arrow speed from Lemont to Bellefonte.

When the first train arrived at Spring Mills on the day of the great pic-nic, there were men and women there who had never seen a railroad train before. Great was their wonder and amazement! They thought they were transformed in to another world. As the train with thousands of human freight friends from Union county, emerged from the mountains, and with steady and to the anxious eye apparently motionless strides approached the pic-nic ground, puffing and whizzing, some were ready to exclaim they had now beheld one of the wonders of the world and triumphs of man and the glory of the Lord, and were ready to depart in peace like him of scripture fame; and as the wonderful locomotive had come within a few rods, one old dame exclaimed, Ei, wo sin denn die Geil."

There were many disappointments, hopes blighted, promises unheeded. But we never gave up the ship—the railroad we mean. We stuck to it with the patience of Job and the perseverance of the hound at the heels of the stag. And the result was the railroad came along—with only turtle strides however. First the monster jumped the river and lodged at Lewisburg, and there he rested, but we pricked him with sharp sticks for a few years, and we made him jump again landing at Mifflinburg, panting and out of breath he lay there a few years. Then we went for him again, roused him from his sleep and by much cudgeling he got another jumping spell and landed at Spring Mills. Then we thought we had him all right—he was on our ground, and we could keep him awake. But he turned Rip Van Winkle on us, and in spite of all our kicking, prodding, scolding and swearing the fellow slept right on for nearly eight years. In fact we believed him dead and turned our eyes Heavenward and even Vanderbiltward, but it looked blue all around. We thought we might as well appoint gravediggers for the carcass of a road-bed that lay dead and offensive to our sight thro' the townships of Gregg, Potter, Harris and College. However, last summer we thought we would make one more effort, and we tried the galvanic battery of public opinion, with a big noise supplemented by severe pricking wherever it would give most pain, and to our delight the monster actually lifted his head at Spring Mills, and we thought he was getting ready for another hop, and he really rose on all fours and stared us in the face. But he commenced to weaken in the knees, and was going down for another and perhaps an everlasting nap, and we yelled, and swore, and ripped, and tore, and just as he had got down a thundering blow under the fifth rib started the bugger, and he made one big plunge, and with all this crowd on his back, he landed us at Oak Hall, on Monday.

DRESSMAKING.—Miss Amanda Krumbine having taken a thorough course of instructions in dressmaking, at Bellefonte, has returned to Centre Hall, and is prepared to render satisfaction in all kinds of sewing, either at her home or by the week with such as will need her services. Cutting done by the magic scale. 22oc3t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having arefrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

We are in need of cash—please pay up.

Saturday night, Oct. 25, the large barn of Henry Walter, half a mile south of Mifflinburg, was burned. When the flames were first discovered, the building was at the mercy of the devouring element. Six horses, about 15 head of cattle, and a large quantity of grain and hay were consumed. The building was insured in the Manheim Co. for $2,500, which is scarcely half the loss. It is not known how the fire originated.—Lewisburg *Journal*.

—A. C. Mingle's shoe store is now admitted to be headquarters for boots and shoes. It is the place where you always get a genuine article and at a bargain. No customer ever failed to get the full worth of his money at Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block.

☞Again we call the attention of our unemployed readers to the advertisement of N. P. Nicholas & Co.

—Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2 25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

—The clerks at Wolf & Son's store are kept busy until late at night waiting on the customers that daily fill their store.

—A package containing several pairs of children's shoes was lost between Bellefonte and this place. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving same at this office.

—Thanks to Esq. Mingle for returns from Haines.

—Winter threatens to set in and now is the time to prepare for it. Get your fuel, secure your cellar walls, and look around for good, warm clothing. With the sudden changes to cold, no one should be without an overcoat so as to be ready for any sudden change. An overcoat costs money it is true—but the want of one may subject you to five times the cost of it in a doctor's bill and loss of time by being laid up from a cold, and which may even bring premature death. These are solid facts to be heeded. Now an equally solid fact is that good, warm clothing can be had so low that there is no excuse for any one being without it. The Philad. Branch alone sells clothing so low that no man or boy need shiver from the cold blasts. Were it not for Lewins & Co. ready-made clothing in this part of the state would cost double the price it does now. They put down the price, and others had to follow, but none put down the prices as low as the Philad. Branch which still sells 25 per cent. below the lowest. This is the party then that deserves your patronage. Their assortment of overcoats and men's and boys' suits is unsurpassed by any store in Centre county. 3t

—The best and largest stock of fur caps, at the lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

List of Grand Jurors for the 4th Monday of November, 1884:

Martin Woomer, Taylor	Henry Ryman, Milesb'g
Ed. Brown, jr., Bellefte	Michael Condo, Potter
Jesse Woodring, Worth	J W Adams, Howard t'p
A C Hinton, Snow Shoe	D L Zerby, Millheim
Geo. L Peters, Union	C D Runkle, Potter
James S Cross, ½ Moon	Jacob Fidler, Haines
Thomas Frank, Haines	M Confer, Howard twp.
Jos. Gross, Bellefonte	C J Walker, Boggs
John Rogers, Walker	J M Gramley, Miles
L G Lingle, Philipsburg	W S Tripple, Bellefonte
J W Heath, Rush	Fred Berger, Benner
Elias Lytle, Half Moon	James Martin, Marion

Traverse Jurors—1st Week.

J M Noll, Milesburg	Ed. Woods, Spring
M Pogrman, Boggs	Geo. Kessler, Haines
James Alexander, Potter	David Daniels, Ferguson
John Kimport, Penn	Jacob H Wyle, Haines
A G Rodgers, Boggs	Jacob Burket, Miles
Wm. Foster, College	Israel Vonada, Gregg
Henry Emerick, Gregg	Jacob Woodring, Worth
A S Garman, Bellefonte	Aaron B Myers, Huston
David Robb, Liberty	James Cokley, Boggs
Emanuel Brown, Bell'fte	R F Mull, Philipsburg
Eph. Glenn, Patton	D G Leathers, Howard tp
Wm. Newman, Worth	J W Furey, Bellefonte
Alex. Miller, Spring	Abs. Confer, Haines
Geo. Eckle, Ferguson	Jerry Eob, Philipsburg
M J Graham, Bellefonte	James Lingle, Boggs
Martin Hogan, Union	Charles Burley, Miles
L T Munson, Bellefonte	F T Lucas, Rush
Dan'l Ayers, Philip'g	Miles Alexander, Hust'n
Isaac Dawson, Bellef'te	E D Noll, Milesburg
A E Graham, Liberty	John Emerick, Miles
Wm. H Stover, Haines	Thos. Boggs, Milesburg
J K Bitner, Gregg	Wm. Smith, Penn
Aaron Thomas, Potter	Walter Whippo, Walker
Henry Thompson, Lib'ty	Peter Auman, Gregg

Traverse Jurors - 2d Week

Wm. H Wyland, Harris	John Moyer, Potter
John H Swartz, Penn	J Stambaugh, Haines
D L Meek, Patton	W T Speer, Bellefonte
H W Brickley, How'd t'p	D M Miller, Ferguson
Charles Cook, College	E C Henderson, Huston
Wm. R Teller, Bellef'te	Thos. Smith, Liberty
John Arney, Potter	Henry Rice, Rush
David Ertle, Penn	John Confer, Snow Shoe
M W Cowdrick, Bellef'te	W C Wyle, Haines
Harry Schroyer, "	C Haines, Howard twp.
John Stewart, College	W W Spangler, How'd t'p
Hepburn Blower, Taylor	Jesse Garrett, Miles
Wm. Irvin, jr., Marion	Wm. Glenn, College
S A Stover, Bellefonte	Dallas Cronister, Hust'n
Jacob Smith, Unionville	O M Sheets, Snow Shoe
Martin Smith, Ferguson	Miles Mattern, Potter
J M Harter, Gregg	Thos. Merryman, Taylor
Geo. Harter, Potter	Jas. Everhart, College

—Go to Sechlers for your family groceries and you won't be imposed upon. You always get a good and pure article in sugars, teas, coffees, syrups, spices, canned and dried fruit, and all goods fresh as can be had in market. It is by all odds one of the best regulated groceries in the state. Prices low, and cash buyers get goods at trifle above wholesale prices.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 5, 1884
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	Oct.	41½	—651
Wheat	"	74¾	—82½
Oats	"	25¾	— 33
Pork	"	15.50	
Lard	"	7.00	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 25; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No 317 & 319 Arch Street. Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26Mar tf

THE ELECTION

Both parties claim to have elected the President. Hensel claims New York and the election of Cleveland.

Honesty and Reform have triumphed at last. Honest men of all parties will rejoice at the result. Cleveland is elected and the arch jobber Blaine and his ways stand condemned. We give below the substance of the returns of Tuesday's grand result:

In Massechusetts Rebeson, rep., was elected governor.

Connecticut 3500 majority for Cleveland.

Virginia 30,000 majority of Cleveland.

Furst is elected Judge by about 500 over Hoy. Huntingdon gives Furst about 1000 majority against 500 in Centre for Hoy.

Curtin has 1000 to 1500 majority in the district.

The Republicans claim Love elected over Rhone for assembly by 200, with a close vote between Allison and Woodward.

Milesburg borough 98 majority for Curtin.

Unionville, 19 majority for Patton.

Harris—Furst 74, Hoy 127, Fisher 85, Munson 107.

Benner—Hoy 156, Furst 79, Munson 153, Fisher 85, Curtin 174, Patton 53, Rhone 161, Woodward 133, Love 83, Allison 89, Walker 154, Royer 77, Brett 161, Elder 78, Greist 163, Wolf 152.

Bellefonte, S. W.—Hoy 163, Furst 135, Curtin 229, Patton 93, Woodward 151, Rhone 130, Love 197, Allison 148, Walker 189, Royer 125, Brett 182, Elder 135.

Spring—Hoy 220, Furst 259.

Bellefonte, W W—Hoy 63, Furst 99, Curtin 92, Patton 69, Woodward 43, Rhone 43, Love 106.

Bellefonte gives Curtin 202 majority.

Potter, N—Cleveland 159, Blaine 72, St. John 6, Hoy 157, Furst 77, Fisher 78, Munson 154, Curtin 180, Patton 54, Woodward 158, Rhone 164, Allison 87, Love 52, Walker 160, Royer 72, Brett 162, Elder 72, Smith 164, Hess 65, McClain 162, Foster 72, Bible 163, Chany 72, Wolf 158, Greist 154, Campbell 58, Henderson 78.

Millheim—Curtin 157, Patton 22. Allison 46, Rhone 105, Love 39, Woodward 114, Walker 110, Royer 46, Brett 131, Elder 27, Smith 131, Hess 16, Greist 114, Wolf 105, Henderson 39, Campbell 39.

Haines—Hoy 131, Furst 92, Munson 122, Fisher 101, Curtin 130, Patton 93, Rhone 121, Woodward 129, Love 95, Allison 97, Walker 129, Royer 94, Brett 129, Elder 95, Smith 131, Hess 93, Greist 129, Wolf 126, Campbell 15, Henderson 95.

Miles—Hoy 266, Furst 68, Curtin 280, Patton 54, Munson 255, Fisher 72, Rhone 249, Woodward 255, Allison 83, Love 76, Walker 223, Royer 101, Smith 270, Hess 66, Brett 266, Elder 66, McClain 269, Foster 67, Wolf 247, Greist 255, Henderson 74, Campbell 61.

—Mr. J. N. Gouch, of Cleveland, O., while on an eastern tour, stopped over at this place a few days.

—Plaid dress goods are all the fashion just now, and a special line has been brought to Wolf's store that is unexcelled for fineness of texture and style, and at prices that defy competition.

—Had a wet election day, followed by cold, snow bluster Wednesday.

—Wolf & Son are starting in the fall and winter season with one of the largest stocks of dry-goods that has ever been brought into this valley. They have a full line in every department and prices are remarkably low.

—Every person going up Salt river would do well to take along some of Wolf & Son's fine goods. They have an excellent stock of ladies' plain dress goods, fine muslin, calicoes, ready-made clothing, hats, boots and shoes, hardware, queensware, and everything usually kept in a first-class store.

—Cuffs, collars, ties, underwear, latest styles hats, gum coats, umbrellas—all best quality and very cheap at the Philadelphia Branch.

FAINTING.

It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into a recumbent position death is more imminent. Always remember this fact, namely: Fainting is caused by a want of blood in the brain. The heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive the blood; while if you lay him down with the head lower than the heart blood will run into the brain by mere force of gravity, and in fainting in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage fainting persons, for they always fall and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.

STEERING BALLOONS.

The announcement made a few days since that the problem of steering balloons had been solved was received with incredulity, and attracted little notice. It appears, however, to be a great fact. Two French engineer officers, Captain Renard and Captain Krebs, have for six years past been making experiments in an enclosed area in the Meudon Forest. The establishment was on the point of being closed for want of funds, but M. Gambetta, when President of the Budget Committee, obtained a grant of 100,000 francs. M. Herve Mangon reported to the Academy of Science that on August 9th these two officers mounted their balloon, steered it against the wind at a height about thirty yards, to a given point at a considerable distance, not stated; then turning round and describing a circle of about 300 yards, returned straight to the point of departure, and descended with precision at a spot which would have been very dangerous had not the balloon been absolutely under command. The academicians exhibited much interest on receiving this communication. M. Faye inquired why the public were not admitted to witness the experiment, and asked that next time at least a deputation of the Academy might be present. H. Herve Mangon replied that the paper he had read was furnished by the Minister for War, whose secret the discovery was, and he was not at present authorized to say anything more. Such an important secret is not likely long to be kept, especially as experiments on a large scale must necessarily be in view of the public. Already sketches of the balloon appear in the papers. It is in the shape of a cigar, pointed at both extremities. A net hangs from it, containing seats for two aeronauts, and directing apparatus and a rudder. It is stated that the force is obtained by a series of electric accumulators of ten-horse power, which will be operative during four hours.

THE SWISS LANDLORD.

Twenty years ago the Swiss monster hotel was justly considered the best of its kind. Nowhere else were the accommodation and the attendance so good. There was a sort of Arcadiane simplicity, such as yet found in old inns of the Orberland, about the people. They were cordial and polite, and the bill—that snake-in-the-grass which often embitters the feeling between host and guest—was reasonably moderate. All that has been changed. A younger generation of hotel keepers has grown up to inherit the paternal keys, and it has occurred to Young Switzerland that the best way to squeeze a profit out of travelers is to bully them. All individuality is to be strictly repressed as it was in German hostels when Erasmus was a young student. Pilgrims may scramble for rooms, be thankful when they get what they want, and meek and mute when they do not, or it will be the worse for them. There is food in plenty at the gigantic table d'hote; otherwise let the laggard wait for the next meal. Vin ordinaire, called by eight different names, and at various prices on the wine list, should content the thirstiest. There must be no complaints, no whims and fancies. Not every Swiss landlord has the spirit to summon his retainers and hurl recalcitrant visitors down a flight of stone steps, as happened two or three years since at the Righi. But it is not for nothing that the innkeeper is a magistrate, Judge, and landamman perhaps, the grandest personage in his commune, perhaps in canton. He is more secure in his hotel than was Front-de-Bœuf in his robber castle. It would take a combined crusade to get at him, and it is fortunate that he is merciful, if morose, for he is virtually above the law.

WEAR AND TEAR OF SHIPS.

If a vessel is strictly first class, and is well cared for, she will hold her rating twelve years. Then she must be carefully examined, and if found in good condition her rating may be continued four years longer. But you will notice before the end of the twelve years that the captain don't carry on sail as he did the first trip. Even with a fair gale the topgallant-sails come in, and the mainsail will possibly be clewed up. If the ship has aged pretty fast, as she will under a captain disposed to drive her, the chances are that the ambitions captain gets out of her into a new ship again. A new man takes the old ship, and she drops out of the trade to Frisco or China, and carries guano or coal. When a ship has carried cargo for fifteen years, even under favorable circumstances, she is an old ship. She is like an overworked man, she totters on her way. In a heavy sea she is longer rising on the swells, for she has somehow lost her buoyancy. Last of all she goes into the lumber trade, and there wallows her way from port to port, until some day her bones are laid upon a lee-shore, or she fails to rise when a heavy wave strikes her.

OLD SHOES.

Even old shoes are valuable. They are cut up in small pieces, and these are put for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected, the material is washed in water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shellace, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then shaped into combs, buttons, etc.

—Go to Lewins & Co. if you want a nice suit for a boy—they have them all styles and quality, from $2 up.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Jonas A. Fry, Lewisburg, Oct. 29, by Rev. J. R. Shoffner, Mr. Thomas B. Baker, of Renovo, and Miss Annie C. Fry, of Lewisburg, Pa.

The happy couple have the congratulations of the REPORTER and the wish that wedded life may prove as sweet to them as the delicious wedding cake sent us.

On Oct. 30, at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Neff, in Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Dr. Edward L. Miller, of Unionville, and Miss Joanna E. Allerton, of Centre Hall.

The happy couple have our best wishes for happiness with no cloud to mar it, as well as the thanks of the REPORTER for the wedding cake sent.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent **Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy,** &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

CAUTION.—Having purchased the following articles at constable's sale, all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same, as they will be left in the possession of Charles Madira, at my pleasure, viz: One cow, 1 calf, 4 hogs, 2 beds and bedding, tabels, corner cupboard, 2 dozen chairs, lot of carpet, washstand, queensware, clock, cooking stove, and doughtray.

J. D. LONG,
5nov3t Spring Mills.

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure,* that a *Positive, Sure,* and

NEVER-FAILING CURE

will be welcomed by all. **KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier** has **NEVER failed** in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other,* for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease* and **Cures.** Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of **Catarrh.** It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the **Best Blood Purifier** in the market. **For sale by Druggists generally.** Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

Salesmen Wanted. Liberal Commission or Salary and Expenses. Address P. N. NICHOLAS & CO., Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y., growers of all the new and old Fruit and Ornamentals. 22oc4t

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Sept. 15, a dark brown heifer, about 9 months old, with a star on forehead, and part of tail white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.

15oct3t WM. A. BOAL.
Potter Township.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, ¾ mile northeast of Penn Hall, at 1 o'clock p. m., Saturday, Nov. 8, 1884:

All those certain messuages, tenements and tracts of land situated in the township of Gregg, County of Centre and state of Pennsylvania:

No. 1. One thereof beginning at stones, thence along Gratz's land south 71° west 158⅝ perches to stones, thence north 25° west 65 7-10 perches to stones, thence along lands of Samuel Weaver north 74¾° east 157½ perches to a pine, thence by lands of Duck and others south 25° east 80 perches to the place of beginning, containing 66 acres, 15 perches and allowance. Timber tract well timbered with yellow pine, chestnut and chestnut oak.

Nos. 2 and 3. Bounded on the north by lands of Gregg Burrell, on the east by lands of Samuel Gobel and others, on the south by lands of Peter Smith, and on the west by lands of Adam Ertle and David Emerick and others, containing 73 acres, more or less.

Terms—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year and the balance in two years with interest; deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
J. B. REAM,
8oct Executors of Michael Ream.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in any wise interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, 26th day of November, A. D. 1884, for allowance and confirmation:

1 The account of Rev. Elias Stamback, executor of &c. of Christina Kreamer, late of Penn twp., deceased.

2 The first and final account of Frank B. Stover, administrator of &c. of Catharine Stover, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

3 The first and final account of W. H. Musser, executor of &c. of John Shiffer, late of Ferguson twp., deceased.

4 The first and final account of David H. Young, administrator of &c. of Catharine Young, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

5 The first partial account of Christian Brown and Caroline Mulholland, administrator of &c. of Rudolph Mulholland, late of Burnside township, deceased.

6 The first and final account of W S Harris, executor of &c. of Eliza E Brewster, late of Philipsburg borough, dec'd.

7 The first and final account of J M Kichline, administrator of &c. of Mary Kechler, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

8 The first and final account of Dr. Thomas C. VanTries and Geo. L. VanTries, administrators of &c. of Samuel VanTries, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased.

9 The account of Isaac S Frain, administrator of &c. of Henry Theil, late of Curtin township, deceased.

10 The account of Isaac Frain, administrator of &c. of Phoeby M Quay, late of Curtin township, deceased.

11 The account of Jonas Stine and R E Robinson, administrator of &c. of Robert Robinson, late of Huston twp., dec'd.

12 The second account of Michael Hess, guardian of minor children of Susan Knarr, dec'd.

13 The account of Thomas Strauss, guardian of &c. of the minor children of Samuel Corl, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

14 The account of Thomas R Zeigler, administrator of &c. of Isaac Zeigler, late of Miles township, deceased.

15 The account of W H Fry, acting administrator of &c. of Hugh Larimore, late of Ferguson township, dec'd.

16 The first and final account of Jesse Woodring, executor of &c. of Nancy Emigh, late of Worth twp., dec'd.

17 The account of W J Thompson, administrators of &c. of Dr. A. S. Weaver, late of Potter twp., dec'd. JAMES A. McCLAIN,
Register.